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SEPTEMBER 2 2002

MACLEAN'S

GUNS AND POPPIES
Afghanistan's soldiers find it hard to adjust to peace

LIFE IN LEACOCK LAND
Will Ferguson on Canada's most famous humorist

THE INVISIBLE WRITERS
They're hugely successful, and largely unknown

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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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GOING, GOING...

Jean Chretien says he'll leave in February, 2004. So what's Paul Martin to do for 18 months?

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COVER: ILLUSTRATION BY JASON EDMISTON; © DIER DEBUSSCHERE/REUTERS (ABOVE), PHOTOGRAPH BY ADNAN KHAN



PRIDE AND THE PM'S FALL

Did the Chrétien-Martin rivalry have to end this way? Perhaps—but it's still sad

OF THE ISSUES that regularly confront *Maclean's* editorial staff, politics often results in the most pronounced divisions Not, mind you, in the traditional sense—with some people arguing in favour of one party or policy and others against, although that happens sometimes More often, the divide is between those who care about politics, and those who don't

These days, the latter group seems much bigger than the former—and some people who used to care deeply about politics have crossed to the other side. The causes for disenchantment don't require repeating: if you feel that way, you don't need someone else to tell you why And events this past summer—with the sometimes unseemly jockeying for power between Jean Chretien and Paul Martin—add to the list of reasons

There's no joy in watching the drama surrounding the PM's departure play out. A conflict-ridden government doesn't, by extension, translate into a stronger opposition to the contrary, when one side is weakened, the overall tone of debate suffers As well, the first casualty of political infighting is usually public policy, which gets swept aside by more partisan considerations

Now, put even those issues to the side for a moment and consider the human element People go into elected politics for a variety of reasons—ambition, ego, interest in public service, a wish to do good, or perhaps all of those—but in general, the motivations for politicians are much the same as those that guide the rest of us The difference is that politicians don't get the chance to confront their critics It brings to mind that episode in the *Seinfeld* series in which a girlfriend of Kramer's shows up to watch Jerry's comedy act—and heckles him She considers her behaviour appropriate because Jerry is a public figure—and is shocked when he retaliates by showing up at her office and heckling her at her desk

Politicians can't behave that way to voters, even if they feel justified And public figures *should* be subject to public scrutiny But the fact that we usually see them from a distance, or second hand via media reports, obscures the emotional toll they bear for having every move or thought held up for examination—and often, criticism Chrétien, for all his years in public life remains a very private man Sure, to many people, he's seemed stubborn, wilful and sometimes vindictive in defending his leadership Still, it's not hard to see why, in the words of one associate, he felt "deeply saddened and hurt" as his support crumbled around him He's not the first boss to be late and loath to get the message that the people beneath him want him gone But most people in that situation don't have to learn that from bold headlines featuring public denunciations from former friends

Martin has different dilemmas. He's a gregarious guy who has had to learn to become more buttoned up Approaching 65, with the job he wants not yet in hand—and by no means guaranteed—Martin brings to mind a line from 19th century poet John Greenleaf Whittier "For of all sad words of tongue or pen, The saddest are these 'It might have been.'" Will Martin ultimately be remembered for having too much ambition, or not enough? Whatever the future holds, you look at these two prideful men, with so much shared history, and so much distance now between them, and wonder if it had to come to this Perhaps, but that makes it no less sad

Anthony Wilson-Smith

response@macleans.ca to comment on The Editor's Letter

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'If Dr. Kaladeen and his nursing staff used the services of a medical social worker, they could get on with the task of treating sick patients.' —Joan Berlaw, Vancouver

Scabs at Giant mine

In "Murder at Giant mine" (Cover, Aug 19), about the deaths of nine replacement workers at the Giant mine in the Northwest Territories, you quote union leader Bill Schram as saying "When somebody scabs you, It's worse than being robbed in the street They rob your family, they steal the food off your table, take the roof over your head They're thieves of the worst kind." Well, no one was stealing from anyone The replacement workers were just taking the chance to get work that other workers refused to do Good for them for taking the initiative

John Pearson, Nonquay Sask



Your story on the murders at Giant mine depicts chilling realities of the devastation suffered by an entire community because of the use of replacement workers As a proud union member, I believe violence is no way of proving a point in a labour dispute The only solution is through continued negotiations between the two parties Bringing in replacement workers does nothing for the bargaining process other than to escalate divisions among workers, the company, the union and the community

Chris Wilski Brampton Ont.

Health care turns turtle

Dr Stephen Kaladeen's article "A doctor's angry diary" (Essay, Aug 19), illustrates in a nutshell the problems physicians face The metaphor for our health-care system is Dr Seuss's story of *Yertle the Turtle*, in which Yertle, the king of the turtles, having convinced himself that the extent of his kingdom is limited only by the extent of his vision, forces his subjects to form a stack of turtles on which he can stand, thus increasing his visual range All goes well until a small turtle named Max at the bottom of the stack protests His protests are ignored Then, *"That plain little lad did a plain little thing. / He burped, and he toppled the throne of the king."* Our health-care system is built on the backs of the front-line workers—nurses, paramedics, lab technicians, dietary and janitorial staff These workers have been kicked around and abused by governments of all parties Nurses have been laid off overworked, underpaid and have not been respected, and, as a result, many have left the country or the profession. Most will not return, and very few young women or men are idealistic enough to stand for this kind of abuse Max is beginning to burp

Ray Mulrooney, Toronto

Due to all the cutbacks and frustrations, medicine is not a very rewarding career these days I place the blame squarely on our federal government, and because they've been in power most of the past three decades, the Liberals Back in the 1960s, when medicare was introduced, the funding was to be split equally between the federal and provincial governments Now, some 30-plus years later, our federal government, according to the provinces, provides only 14 per cent of the total funding for health care I would ask Canadians to remember this the next time there's a federal election Remember who's to blame for the long lines in emergency rooms, the inability to find a family doctor, the waiting lists for surgery, the lack of beds, the indignity that befalls the sick, and all the other ills in our health system

Dr. David Wildeboer, Fort Macleod, Alta.

It's not only doctors who are frustrated, but patients as well Four years ago, my 15 year old daughter developed a pain in her upper right side that radiated to her back. I took her to our family physician, who is excellent, and he was convinced that it was her gall bladder But we went for tests and they were negative My daughter's pain got worse, and we had many trips to the emergency room, seeing an array of doctors who told her there was nothing wrong, or giving her different prescriptions Finally, this year, she had her gall bladder removed But because of all the meds she had been taking, she developed a bleeding ulcer and has not been able to finish high school Many patients find doctors in too much of a hurry We feel like a number, and not a patient How many other patients fall through the cracks, because of cutbacks, and overworked doctors who almost seem like they don't care, because they don't have time to care?

Maureen Graham, Yorkton, Sask.

The business of farming

To be fair, we can't *all* open our own supermarket chains, nor can there ever be enough niche markets for every farmer And we in farming *are* in the midst of a very severe downturn ("Success down on the farm," Business, Aug 19) Just the same, it was so refreshingly rare to read what most of us down on the farm already know that those of us who are innovative, established and, above all, approach farming as a business rather than as a way of life stand a pretty good chance of surviving this very nasty dip and, hopefully, the next one, too Thank you ever so much for pointing out to your readers that we are not all going broke

Donald Ostergard, Drumheller Alta

While there are many success stories down on the farm, the article does not acknowledge that agriculture is a highly political industry We force Western farmers to sell through the Canadian Wheat

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Board, while Ontario growers can sell their grain directly. We protect dairy and poultry, and sacrifice export grain. If we are to create an opportunity from the crisis in agriculture today, it will only begin when Ottawa accepts how it has contributed to the problem.

Vicki Dutton, North Battleford, Sask.

Post-war pain

"Battling trauma" (Q&A, Aug. 12) well identifies the sweep and depth of the problems faced by the 10,000 Canadian men and women we sent to the wars in Yugoslavia from 1992 to 1995. (In 1993 and 1994, I was commander, UN Sector South, Yugoslavia.) The military leaders in Ottawa had all the resources needed to ameliorate most of the terrible effects of these wars on our soldiers. To their eternal shame, they neglected and sometimes unwittingly worked to worsen them. So concerned were they for their butts in the then-raging Somalia inquisition, so overly politicized were they then as now, and so befuddled were they in refusing to believe all the evidence that Rwanda and Yugoslavia were not the Cyprus or Gaza chapters of Club Med, that they failed in their moral and legal duties to the troops. It was only when Gen. Romeo Dallaire, fresh from the horrors of Rwanda, arrived in the personnel branch that Ottawa started to do something about the trials facing our new veterans. For me, of all the death and despair and maggots and stink of my nightmares, this profound dereliction of duty by a leadership of which I was a part still evokes some of the greatest pain.

Col. (Ret.) George Oehring, Kingston

I was an infantry officer with the Lincoln and Welland Regiment in the Second World War. Following almost constant action as the Allies drove back Nazi troops in Holland and, finally, Germany, I was wounded in both legs. After months of treatment, I returned to Canada. Things went well until my wife, sister and I decided to holiday in Lake Placid, N.Y. The trip to the U.S. was uneventful until our first night at dinner. A strange feeling came over me and I completely lost it. I kept asking my wife who the "other woman" was. It was, of course, my sister. When it came time to pay the bill, I took my wallet out but found I couldn't count. It was decided to return to Montreal, but I couldn't drive. In Montreal, I was hospitalized where my problem was diagnosed as "post-war syndrome." An understanding employer gave me "as long as it takes" to return to normal—approximately two months. I kept having nightmares about past battles and screaming orders. Today, I avoid watching all programs relating to the violence of war, but I still have occasional nightmares. My sympathy goes out to those in the military who have undergone lengthy periods of stress, even when they weren't directly in the line of fire.

Richard Matthews, White Rock, B.C.

Seniors are human too

Seniors are generally relegated to statistics that indicate a problem in terms of health care, etc. Instead, in "Old flames" (Cover, Aug. 12), we are invited to look on them as active, robust and more than interested in pursuing a vital sex life, or at least companionship with the opposite sex. More power to them, whether it's marriage or friendship they seek.

Rosalind Jones, London, Ont.

I think the lady who said "been there, done that" was right on the mark. Ladies, take the dancing, the companionship, the romance, but let the gentlemen wash their own socks and underwear.

Kathy McGuire, Toronto

The passion of Farley Mowat

We need deeply passionate people like Farley Mowat ("Latter-day prophet," *Maclean's* Excerpt, Aug. 12) to save animals from man's cruelty and to help save man from himself. In his 1979 book *And No Birds Sang*, Mowat, who went through the carnage of the Second World War, writes: "There never has been, nor ever can be a 'good' or worthwhile war. ... The Old Lie is once more gaining credence, a whisper which soon may become another strident shout urging us on to mayhem. *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*[1] (It is sweet and seemly to die for one's country). Spawned in hell long before Homer sanctified it, and goading men to madness and destruction ever since, that Old Lie *has to be put down!*" Who could have said it better? World, let's listen to this latter-day prophet.


LATTER-DAY PROPHET

Stan Penner, Landmark, Man.

The people of Burgeo, Nfld., are a tough sea-going breed of fishermen surviving against the greatest of odds the likes of Mowat couldn't begin to endure. The whale is one of the destructive elements they have to endure, while Mowat sits in his comfortable little cabin taking issue with people he could never measure up to.

Cliff Coffin, Cambridge, Ont.

'Dissident Jewish voices'

As an observant Jew who has opposed the Israeli presence on the West Bank since the 1970s, I was deeply disturbed by the vehemence expressed by some of your readers ("Mideast messages," The Mail, Aug. 19). Across North America, there is an unhealthy communal Stalinism enforced in the Jewish community whereby any discussion of the Middle East is relegated to promoting a carte blanche endorsement of Ariel Sharon's policies. Fortunately, there are many dissident Jewish voices, like those of Judy Rebick ("Ramallah revelations," Middle East, July 29), making themselves heard.

David L. Blatt, Chicago

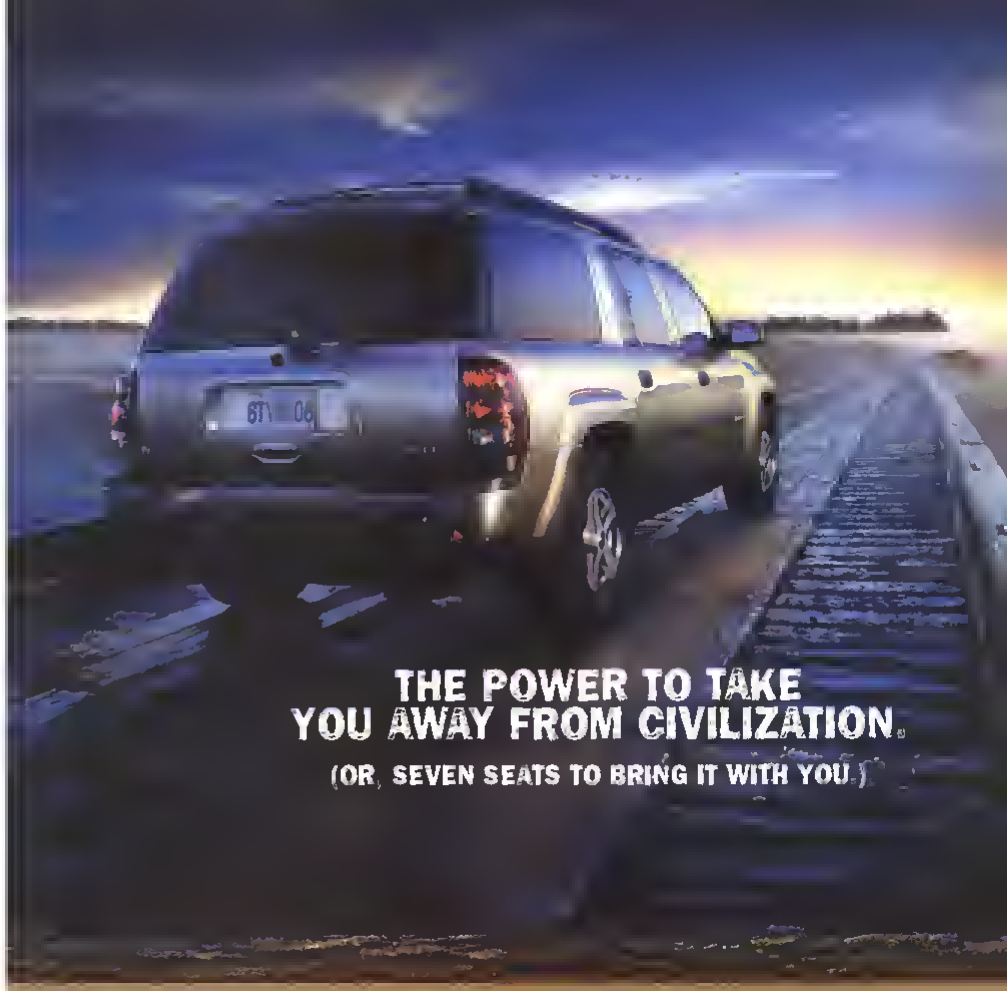
Rights of the mighty

I have never heard of Saddam Hussein threatening to invade the U.S. because they have weapons of mass destruction, as indeed they have ("Drumbeats of war," Iraq, Aug. 19). The idea is ridiculous. Why then do some people think that it is acceptable, even morally laudable, to invade Iraq under the suspicion that such armaments exist? Does might equal right?

John Gradwell, Beaconsfield, Que.

Rest in peace

On behalf of the nearly 2,000 members of the Ontario Veterinary Medical Association, I am writing to convey my deep



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TAKING A FRESH LOOK

At first glance, actor/author Ethan Hawke and the Toronto School of Circus Arts seem to have little in common. But look again. In recent weeks, both have been featured in the pages of Closing Notes, the new section that wraps up each issue of *Maclean's*.

Closing Notes is one of several new features introduced during our recent renovation. It contains an eclectic mix of events, people and information that doesn't fit neatly elsewhere in the magazine, says section editor Shanda Deziel.

Deziel (above) says Closing Notes is designed to reflect Canada back to Canadians. "We want to provide a flavour of what's happening across the country so we feature community-based events, people and news stories. One example was our piece on Canada's oldest small-town newspaper, Ontario's *The Eganville Leader*."

Some of the stories are pretty quirky, adds Deziel, citing a recent piece on Belle, a Jack Russell terrier who, startled by loud noises, picked a fight with the business end of a power saw.

Closing Notes also contains brief reviews of films, books, theatre and CDs, combined with celebrity profiles. Its strength lies in its variety and playfulness, says Deziel, with evident enthusiasm. "I really love it. We look at things from a fresh angle that's not only fun but slightly provocative."

Watch for future stories on the new fall TV season and an intellectual cruise ship, where professors and libraries replace casinos and dance clubs.

For further information, contact bthindthescenes@macleans.ca

THEMAIL

concern about Mark Bernstein's disturbing article "The day I killed Noodle" (Over to You, Aug. 12). It is troubling to think that other pet owners may follow Bernstein's appalling example. Animal owners facing the difficult decision to euthanize a pet should never attempt to take matters into their own hands. Pet euthanasia should only be done by a licensed veterinarian. Veterinarians euthanize pets using humane methods in a comfortable environment. Using carbon monoxide fumes from an idling car is completely unacceptable. The hot fumes can burn an animal's throat and lungs. Carbon monoxide poisoning can be accompanied by nausea, convulsions and muscle spasms. Furthermore, the levels of carbon monoxide in the exhaust fumes may not be high enough to cause death in a humane amount of time.

Andrea Chapin, President, Ontario Veterinary Medical Association, Milton, Ont.

I have just finished "The day I killed Noodle," and wanted to thank you for a beautiful and profoundly moving article. Those of us who've been there with a beloved pet understand precisely how Dr. Bernstein must have felt. I found myself swallowing the lump all over again. I think that the way in which a person treats lesser animals is at least as accurate a measure of his humanity as the way he treats other people. My hat is off to Dr. Bernstein for his compassionate and humane treatment of Noodle in his time of need.

Greg Foard, Elora, Ont.

Bernstein is a typical, egotistical medical doctor who thinks he is an expert on everything. He was prepared at first to give the dog an intravenous injection, but changed his mind. Good thing. He probably couldn't start an IV to save his soul, but he thinks because he's a doctor he can do anything. His dog didn't die from carbon monoxide. He was asphyxiated by toxic emission. He would like to think that Noodle will forgive him. As an oral and maxillofacial surgeon and dog lover who, when the time comes, will allow his veterinary colleagues to put his best friend to sleep, I hope Noodle comes back some day and gives Dr. Bernstein a good kick in his arse.

Dr. Larry Gaum, Thornhill, Ont.



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Terrorism | A grim video reminder of 'the risks the world faces'

The videos reveal a laboratory of evil. In some footage, an al Qaeda terrorist shows how to mix chemicals to create a bomb. Another tape shows a dog succumbing to a strange white vapour; it licks its chops—an early sign it has been poisoned—then howls and writhes in agony before apparently succumbing to what experts say could have been a nerve gas. Operatives are also seen using explosives to destroy simulated houses, office buildings and bridges. Most of the 64 tapes, which were found in Afghanistan and obtained by CNN, appear to have been made before Sept. 11, but some of the footage is television coverage of the attacks on New York City and Washington. CNN refused to reveal the source of the tapes, for which it paid US$30,000, but the network said it showed the videos to several experts who verified their authenticity. "Al-Qaeda has created a series of exercises to train recruits to come to the West, and to conduct terrorist operations in the urban environment," said Rohan Gunaratna, an international expert on terrorism and author of *Inside Al Qaeda*.

Terrorist mastermind Osama bin Laden also appears on the tapes, surrounded by tight security while other al-Qaeda members conduct mock ambushes and kidnappings. Gen. Tommy Franks, the top commander of U.S. forces in Afghanistan, said al-Qaeda does not appear to have progressed beyond the experimental stages in many of the exercises depicted in the videos. Still, White House spokesman Ari Fleischer said the tapes are a serious reminder of "the type of enemy we're up against and the risks the world faces from people who would use weapons to bring harm to innocents."

Al-Qaeda training tapes from Afghanistan show men practising assassinations and gassing a dog





ScoreCard

▼ **George W. Bush:** Wants to relax restrictions on logging because fewer forests would mean fewer forest fires. So what's his solution for say inner-city problems?



▼ **Elizabeth Witmer:** Despite Ontario premier Ernie Eves's earlier promise of kinder, gentler Tories, tight-fisted education minister seizes control of one school board, has two others in her sights, for running deficits. You gotta be cruel to be kind.

▼ **Pervez Musharraf:** Pakistani strongman rewrites the country's constitution to give himself more powers. This on the heels of an April referendum on allowing himself another five years in office (problem is, he was the only candidate). Calls his style "guided democracy."

◄► **Michael Kopper:** Former Enron exec pleads guilty to fraud, promises to blow whistle on former compadres after prosecutors promise "consideration" at his sentencing. Time to sing like a canary.

▲ **Christine Sinclair:** Burnaby, B.C., striker scores early, scores often at under-19 women's world soccer championship. Canada's women deliver a real kick.

"For the political people to say, 'We're not buying it, we haven't got the money,' or 'We can't do that,' I think that is a prescription for political suicide."

Health-care commission head ROY ROMANOW responding to Finance Minister John Manley's warning that lack of funds could limit reforms

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: CNN/REUTERS; FRANK GUNN/CP; CNN/REUTERS

Murder in Britain

In a case that has rocked Britain, school caretaker Ian Huntley was charged with the murders of Holly Wells and Jessica Chapman. The 10-year-old schoolgirls in Soham, Cambridgeshire, disappeared on Aug. 4. Their bodies were found 30 km away in some Suffolk woods, on Aug. 17, although they were not formally identified until Aug. 21. At week's end, as Huntley was being held under observation in a psychiatric hospital, authorities had still not released the girls' cause of death. Huntley's girlfriend, Maxine Carr, was charged with attempting to obstruct justice in connection with the case.

Where's the money?

As Canadian banks began to release third-quarter results, the news got progressively worse. The Royal Bank of Canada posted the best results, a $697 million profit. The Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce then revealed a measly $193-million surplus, blaming the poor performance on losses in its investment banking division coupled with red ink from its Amicus supermarket banking unit. The Toronto-Dominion Bank saw its bottom line fall into the red, losing $428 million for the quarter ending July 31. The reason: it recorded $1.25 billion worth of loan losses for the quarter, largely attributed to the moribund telecommunications sector. There was some good news: the three banks are all moving to show executive stock options on their balance sheets, a step investors have long been demanding.

Jailhouse rock

According to documents released last week, an Aug. 10 sexual escapade between Seattle public defence lawyer Theresa Olson and Sebastian Burns, a Canadian charged with murder, turned into a peep show with guards looking into the prison conference room where the two allegedly had intercourse. Burns, 26, of Vancouver, and fellow Canadian Atif Rafay, have been accused of murdering Rafay's parents and sister in their home near Seattle in 1994. Olson, who represented Burns since 1999, has been removed from his case and a new legal team has been ordered for him. According to statements from prison guards, Olson explained her tryst with Burns by saying, "I was just giving him a hug and it got carried away."

Death by stoning

In Nigeria, an Islamic court upheld a sentence against Amina Lawal Kurami, 31, that she be stoned to death. Her crime: having had sex and bearing a child out of wedlock. Lawal gave birth to her daughter, now eight months old, more than nine months after divorcing. The court ordered the sentence to be carried out after she has weaned her child—which may be in 16 months. International condemnation greeted the verdict, which can still be appealed to a higher Islamic court and then to the country's Supreme Court.

Chechen crash controversy

The death toll from the crash of a Russian military helicopter in Chechnya on Aug. 19 rose to 116 of 147 passengers by week's end. Officials said the cause of the crash, which took place in a minefield, remained unclear. But speculation centred on two possibilities: a missile fired by Chechen rebels, or poor maintenance. Either would mean a headache for Russian President Vladimir Putin. If rebels were indeed responsible, that would fly in the face of Moscow's claims that it now controls the breakaway republic after almost three years of war. And the possibility that maintenance problems contributed to the crash—coming only two years after the nuclear submarine Kursk sank in the Barents Sea, killing all 118 crew members—would increase criticism of Putin for having allowed the Russian military to deteriorate.



China | The race to hold back rising flood waters

All around vast Dongting Lake in southern China, the story was the same: thousands shored up defences as flood crests swept down four swollen rivers, including the mighty Yangtze, that feed Dongting. Some 600,000 others evacuated nearby cities, like Changsha, already under water. After Dongting's record flood in 1998 killed 4,000, the Chinese government spent more than $1.56 billion reinforcing embankments, moving farmers and planting trees—measures officials hoped would stave off disaster the next time flooding struck. This year, China's summer floods have already killed more than 900.

CHINA PHOTO/REUTERS

Fighting anthrax

Researchers at Rockefeller University in New York say they have found a promising way to kill the deadly anthrax bacterium—even bioengineered strains immune to multiple antibiotics. The technique exploits the cell-destroying powers of bacteriophages—viruses that infect bacteria. Scientists took a phage that specifically targets anthrax and isolated an enzyme called a lysin. The enzyme ruptures anthrax cells in test tubes by eating away cell-wall bonds. Tests in mice with a bacterium closely related to anthrax were also successful. Almost all bacteria are vulnerable to bacteriophages, the most abundant life form on earth, so scientists think their anthrax strategy can be applied to most disease bacteria.

Where's the money, Part 2?

For Roy Romanow, whose Royal Commission report on Canada's ailing health-care system is expected in November, the Liberal caucus meeting in Saguenay, Que., had its own particular brand of drama. Finance Minister John Manley warned that Canada is entering an era of smaller federal surpluses and that spending will be tight. He specifically mentioned health care, saying Ottawa might not act immediately on Romanow's report if it calls for an infusion of federal cash. But Romanow, who was in Saint John, N.B., to address the Canadian Medical Association, responded that governments that ignored reasonable and workable recommendations to fix health care would "pay a very heavy price."

Fundraising | A New York state of mind

Dryden is a long way from New York City—some 2,600 km, in fact. But like many Canadians after the Sept. 11 terrorist attacks, students in the northwestern Ontario city (pop. 8,198) felt they had to do something to help their American neighbours. Their fundraising, aptly named the Apple Project, had an unusual outcome. In early August, teenagers Heather Black, Lauren MacKinnon, Kristan Aho and Kathy Eskritt, accompanied by James Black, Heather's father and a long-time teacher at Dryden High School, took a five-day jaunt to the Big Apple. The United Way of New York had asked them to participate in the taping of public service announcements illustrating who gave to, and who received money from, its Sept. 11 Fund. They were one of only 10 groups or individuals—and the only Canadians—chosen from among the thousands of donors who gave the fund a total of $785 million. The teens had sent in a cheque for $2,800, but the United Way's Jay Patrick said they stood out for how they raised that money. "They were really creative," he explained, "and they put a lot of heart and soul into everything they did."

And hair. After Black, MacKinnon, and Aho got the Apple Project rolling, Eskritt took in $1,200 in pledges to shave her waist-length blond locks. Others held bake sales or sold hallway passes, among other things. The generosity didn't end there: donors in Dryden paid for the trip to New York for three of them because the United Way's travel budget was only for two. And New Yorkers certainly seemed appreciative of the teens, thanking them wherever they went. One taxi driver even refused payment. Eskritt said the whole experience was "amazing." Maybe Dryden and New York aren't so far apart after all.



From Dryden, Ont., to the Big Apple with love

Passages

ANNOUNCED Montreal-born pianist **Oscar Peterson**, 77, will be given the prestigious President's Award of the International Association for Jazz Education in Toronto next January, at the association's annual conference. This is the first time the event will be held outside of the U.S. The award recognizes Peterson's influence in jazz music and his mentoring of young musicians.

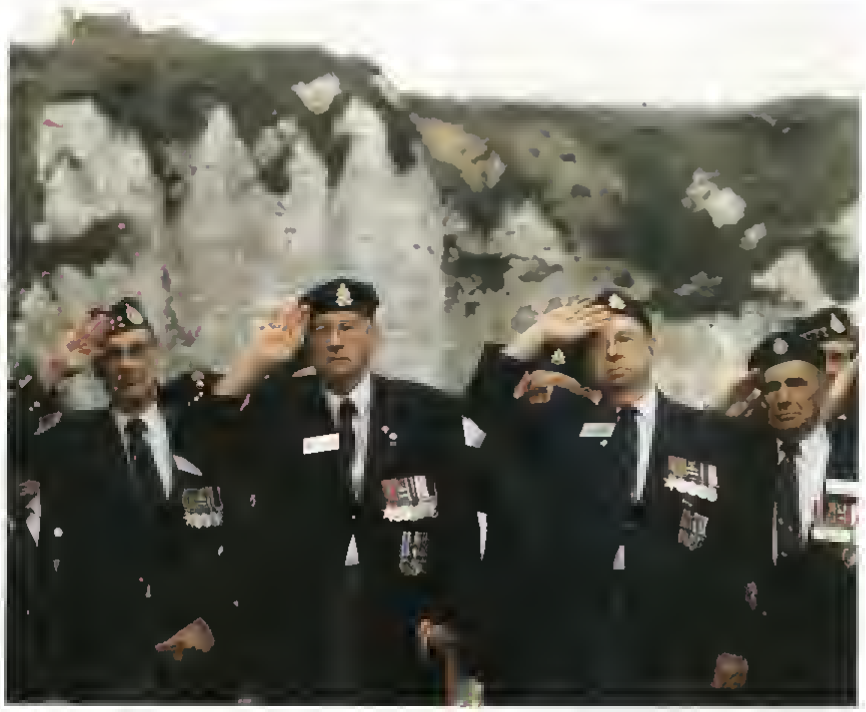


DIED Palestinian terrorist **Abu Nidal** died after being shot in his apartment in Baghdad. Nidal broke from Yasser Arafat's organization in 1974 and is considered responsible for hundreds of deaths during the 1970s and '80s. His terrorist organization hijacked an EgyptAir flight in 1985 and 60 passengers were killed. Last week, a former aide of Nidal claimed the group was responsible for the 1988 bombing of a Pan Am airliner over Lockerbie, Scotland, which killed 270 people. Nidal, 65, who was believed to have had cancer, moved to Iraq a few years ago. Iraqi officials claim he committed suicide.

NAMED Canadian authors **Carol Shields** (*Unless*), **Robinton Mistry** (*Family Matters*), **Joan Barfoot** (*Critical Injuries*) and **Yann Martel** (*Life of Pi*) have made the long list for the illustrious $120,000 Booker Prize. The short list will be announced Sept. 24 and the winner in October.

INVESTIGATING A judicial inquiry by German state prosecutors will look into statements allegedly made by former Nazi filmmaker **Leni Riefenstahl** that may contravene the country's laws against denying the Holocaust. In April, Riefenstahl said that gypsies from concentration camps used as extras in her wartime film *Tiefland* were not subsequently killed in the camps. The German gypsies' association, Rom, states that more than half of those gypsies died there. The investigation was launched last Thursday—Riefenstahl's 100th birthday and the day she released her latest film, *Underwater Impressions*, which chronicles the filmmaker's adventures scuba diving.

COURTESY OF JAMES A. BLACK, ANDREW STAWICKI/TORONTO STAR/CP PICTURE ARCHIVE (TOP)



Standing on guard—even though Ottawa got the number of their fallen comrades wrong

Veterans | Dieppe commemorative plaque 'inexcusable'

To this day, there is heated debate about what was accomplished by the ill-fated Aug. 19, 1942, Allied attack on the French seaside town of Dieppe. And now a bronze plaque meant to honour the Canadians who died during the assault on the Nazi-controlled European continent has left veterans fuming over what they call an "inexcusable" oversight. The 125-kg plaque, one of two that were supposed to have been unveiled last week during a commemorative ceremony at the Square du Canada in Dieppe, had incorrect casualty figures. The prototype from Parks Canada, the department responsible, indicated that 807 Canadians died in the assault. In fact there were 907 Canadians among the 1,400 Allied troops killed that day. (The Germans wounded a further 1,154 Canadians and took 1,954 prisoner.) The plaque also did not acknowledge the participation of Canadian air force, navy and support units in the disastrous Second World War raid.

The plaque had not yet been cast when the Dieppe veterans who were being consulted discovered the error in mid-July. But there was not time to correct it before last week's commemorative ceremony in which the Canadian government officially recognized the place the raid occurred as a national historic site. While there were several monuments dedicated to the Canadian military in and around Dieppe, Canada had not erected its own memorial. Ottawa considers that situation rectified with the unveiling last week of the second bronze plaque during a second, smaller gathering overlooking the water. That plaque shows a map of Dieppe beach, the two flanking communities Pourville and Puys, the names of all the Canadian regiments and marks their locations that day. Once the first plaque, still at a foundry in Canada, is shipped to France, both will be installed at the Square du Canada. Despite the controversy, the 60th anniversary of the raid was an emotional one for the Canadian, British and French veterans and dignitaries who marked the day in Dieppe. Robert Croshwaite, one of 24 Canadian veterans there, said he still harbours regrets that his friend and fellow soldier Peter Oliver died in the assault. "It wasn't my time," he said. "I don't see any other explanation."

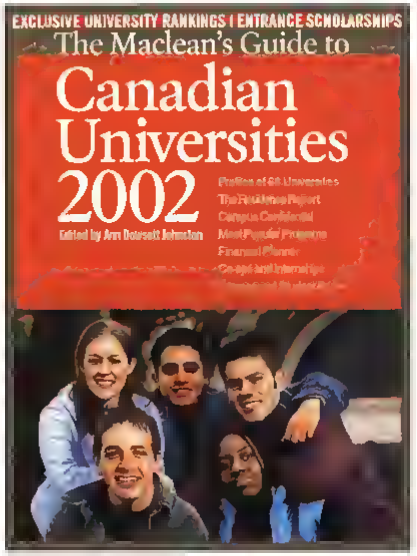
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GOODBYE TO ALL THAT—SOON!

The battle over the Prime Minister's job will be nasty, brutish—and long

SAY THIS FOR JEAN CHRETIEN: for a man considered cautious in character, he delivered one of the most important—and predictable—announcements of his life in utterly unpredictable fashion. For months, as pressure on the Prime Minister to retire grew to a crescendo, senior advisers like David Smith, a Toronto lawyer and newly minted senator, and Peter Donolo, Chrétien's former communications director, had delivered the same message—that the PM would "do the right thing" if given a proper chance. That was presumed to mean that Chrétien was prepared to step down—if Paul Martin's supporters would pipe down long enough to allow him a graceful exit. But when the PM *did* announce retirement plans last week, stunning a caucus meeting of Liberals in Saguenay, Que., most of his inner circle also professed to be astonished. "I never saw this coming," said one adviser, "At least not now—and not in this way."

And so it begins—the countdown to the end of Chrétien's prime ministership in February, 2004, and the start of all the inevitable infighting surrounding the question of who will succeed him. Is Jean Chrétien about to become the longest-serving lame duck prime minister in Canadian history, as critics immediately suggested? The answer, Chrétien and Martin supporters agree, is a resounding No—but for much different reasons. The Prime Minister and his camp argue that with no more elections ahead, he can make tough calls and ignore partisan considerations during his remaining 18 months in power. Many of Martin's people, on the other hand, have already begun efforts to ensure that Chrétien goes well before those 18 months are up.

In fact, even as Chretien's supporters were getting over their surprise last week, some were chortling over the manner in which their boss has trumped Martin—at least in the short term. Overnight, Martin risks being transformed, in public perception, from victim to villain. Until recently, he's been seen as a highly competent minister who was chased from office by a leader who resented his popularity. As the debate polarized the party, Chrétien's defenders argued, largely unsuccessfully, that Martin's own machinations for the leadership were being ignored by the media. But if Martin now tries to unseat the Prime Minister before his chosen departure time, the former finance minister risks, in the words of a Chrétien adviser, "being seen as the guy who wouldn't even take Yes for an answer."

The perils for Martin may be just as high if he chooses to sit on his hands over the next year and a half. Most of the other potential candidates—people like Allan Rock, John Manley and Sheila Copps—are cabinet ministers with the clout, organization and ability to dispense largesse, make headlines and participate directly in shaping government policy. By February, 2004, Martin, on the other hand, will have been a backbencher for 20 months, with his achievements and policy contributions that far behind him. Still worse, at least two other parties—the Progressive Conservatives and New Democrats—will by then have new leaders, alongside the Canadian Alliance's Stephen Harper, now 43. Martin will be turning 66, and, based on his greying, somewhat paunchy appearance these days, looking every bit his age. If the Tories were to choose New Brunswick Premier Bernard Lord, who will be 39 in 2004, the generational divide would be all the more striking.

Without benefit of a portfolio, Martin faces the challenge of establishing policy positions that set him apart from the Prime Minister in whose caucus he still serves. Finding a way of doing so without breaking traditional caucus solidarity will be a challenge for Martin—and, if anything, will be even harder for other MPs who have backed Martin vs. the PM but who will also be testing the winds. Already, it's being suggested that some MPs who have been considered Martin supporters might publicly align themselves, at least in the early going, with other candidates considered more acceptable to Chrétien.

Martin risks being transformed in public perception from victim to villain—but he also can't afford to sit on his hands for 18 months

If all that sounds too clever by half, that's precisely the risk for those Liberals prepared to look beyond a leadership race to the bigger issue of what's best for the country. For the next 18 months, virtually every move the government makes will elicit an even larger than usual suspicion that it's being driven by partisan concerns. What, for example, are the temptations for a presumed candidate like John Manley in Finance, with two budgets ahead, to introduce tax cuts or other measures that would boost his short-term popularity, but might carry longer-term dangers for the economy? That kind of concern should worry all Canadians—and the potential for backfire should worry all Liberals. In such an instance, even if Manley were to sincerely believe there were sound economic reasons for tax cuts, who would accept that at face value?

Chrétien also certainly doesn't want to hear this, but his decision to stay this much longer also deals a stiff blow to hopes of restoring a staunchly federalist party—the Liberals—to power at the provincial level any time soon in Quebec. Already, those Liberals, under Jean Charest, are struggling next to the surging Action démocratique du Québec, with an election likely next year. The ADQ, with its promises of less government and no more discussion of constitutional issues in the short term, have positioned themselves as the voice of change. And no matter how hard Charest tries to distance his party from the federal Liberals, voters invariably tie the two together. So while Chretien is no longer as vilified in his home province as he was four or five years ago, he still drags Charest's party down by association.

At the same time, Liberals would do well to remember that while it's one thing to make the best of an opportunity, it's quite another to be seen as simply opportunistic. Twice in the last 20 years—with the Liberals in 1984, and the Tories in 1993—a governing party enjoying a large majority has replaced a retiring leader with a new one (who immediately became prime minister) just before an election. In both instances, with John Turner heading the Liberals in the first case, and Kim Campbell the Tories in the second, they went into an election campaign well ahead in the polls, but were roundly thumped when voting day came.



The PM's route to retirement will be no quick scoot—and it may soon get bumpy

TIM HANSON/CP ARCHIVE

All that is why, after 12 years as Liberal leader, and nine as prime minister, Jean Chrétien arguably faces the biggest test of his leadership over the next 18 months. He enters that period lacking the greatest weapon a PM usually holds over caucus—the knowledge that he controls the long-term future of individual MPs. The manner in which he succeeds or fails at holding his caucus together during that period will greatly influence the party's chances in the next election. And if you presume, as many Liberals do, that at least part of his timing strategy is directed at denying Martin the prime minister's post, the challenge for both men becomes the same: to thwart the other privately even while avoiding the public impression of trying to do so.

With that in mind, both men might consider an incident from the 1984 leadership campaign—the one in which Chrétien finished second to Turner. Shortly before the second ballot results were announced giving the victory to Turner, Martin's father, the legendary Liberal Paul Martin Sr., made his way down through the throng of Chrétien supporters. As historian and one-time Liberal MP John English has recounted, Martin, even as it became clear that Turner was about to win, went over to English and whispered, "You know, there's more to Chrétien than people think."

That's always been one of Chrétien's great strengths—so much so that he often gloats about how much he enjoys being underestimated by opponents. The question is whether this time his opponents have been right—and he's overestimated his own staying power. If so, the final chapter of Jean Chrétien's political life could be nasty, brutish—and far too long. M

GET READY, GET SET...*NOOO*

Paul Martin got what he wanted, so why does he look so glum?



BODY LANGUAGE never lies. And Paul Martin's slumped shoulders, sagging cheeks, eyes wandering aimlessly side to side, told a different story from the ful some praise he recited, as if by rote, for the man who had thwarted his ambition for years. Standing at the podium where Prime Minister Jean Chrétien only three hours earlier had announced he would be leaving office in February, 2004, the former finance minister gave little appearance of a man who had won a titanic power struggle. He had come to the Showdown in Saguenay to bury the Prime Minister. He ended up praising him. "An outstanding prime minister has just announced that he will step down," Martin said at the Liberal caucus meeting. And he will be required to continue doing so, swallowing hard, for the next 18 months.

It was clear that Chrétien, if not having bested Martin as he did for the Liberal leadership a dozen years back, had at least managed to extract the biggest advantage from a hopeless predicament. As the Prime Minister, and many close to him, attested, Chrétien had never intended to contest another election. He would later say that he had confided to his wife before the 2000 election campaign, "That's the last time." So setting a retirement date only made it official, and spared him the embarrassment of having to submit to a humiliating leadership review in February he could not win. Even his most starry-eyed admirers worried that a review, aside from splitting the party, would have done maximum damage to his legacy. "The vote of confidence was perilous for him," Intergovernmental Affairs Minister Stephane Dion said in an understatement.

The decision had weighed on Chrétien for weeks. But in the last few days, say those close to him, it had become increasingly apparent the party he had devoted his life to was tearing itself apart—because of him. A loyalty letter designed to unmask the Martinites in caucus as a mutinous rump confirmed his weak position. Of 170 Liberal MPs, only 88 said they could be counted on to support Chrétien. Emboldened, Martinites waited to ambush the Prime Minister at Wednesday afternoon's caucus meeting.

Lunching with his senior policy adviser Eddie Goldenberg at Toronto's Four Seasons Hotel on Tuesday, the Prime Minister asked: "Should I do it tomorrow?" By then, the only question remaining about his retirement announcement, Goldenberg told *Maclean's*, was whether to hold off another week or two. They decided to move immediately, in part to head off a raucous caucus meeting. That evening, after having flown to Saguenay, Chrétien phoned his wife Aline to tell her his intentions. When the Prime Minister headed into caucus the next day, only a few knew about the political bombshell he was about to drop. "I have reflected on the best way to bring back unity," he said. "To end the fighting. To resume interrupted friendships." Some fought back tears, some were shocked, some Martinites realized the difficult task he had set for their champion.

The wounds won't heal easily. "This has never happened before and it may take some time for people like me to calm down," said Chrétien strategist Warren Kinsella. Peter Donolo, the Prime Minister's former director of communications who had recently been conscripted to the cause, talked about rekindling friendships that had cooled. "You're never going to have unanimity," conceded Goldenberg, "but if you're asking, 'Are we going to have a happier family, now,' absolutely."

For Martin, last week's tumultuous turn of events is a mixed blessing. He will now have an opportunity to run for the Liberal leadership and try to fulfill a frustrated family dream of becoming prime minister. But he is no longer in cabinet, and no longer at the epicentre of the government's agenda, and 18 months is a long time to try to protect the sizable advantage he has doggedly laboured to build over the years. And the dangers for Martin, or the trap many believe Chrétien laid for his nemesis, are uncannily similar to those that ensnared Martin's father when he lost the Liberal contest to Trudeaumania in 1968.

Foremost is age. When the time comes to select Chrétien's successor, Martin will be 65, one year older than his father was when he lost to Pierre Trudeau. "People are looking for experience," said Conservative strategist John Laschinger. "I don't know that they are looking for a senior citizen." And as with his father, Paul Sr., regarded as the father of Canada's social safety net, the junior Martin's biggest achievement—slaying the deficit dragon—may be too far into the past to be first in delegates' minds.

Meanwhile, Martin's younger rivals have been given ample time to shine. By February, 2004, Finance Minister John Manley will have tabled two budgets that may have established him as just as capable a manager of the public purse. Industry Minister Allan Rock, who was recently put in charge of infrastructure spending, will be travelling around the country delivering government largesse for new roads, public transit, sewers and urban renewal. And outsiders may be ready to step into the breach if Martin falters, particularly former New Brunswick premier Frank McKenna and former Newfoundland premier and federal minister Brian Tobin.

Martinites admit it would have been preferable if the leadership convention came sooner rather than much later. The fear among some is that Martin may have peaked. An Ipsos-Reid poll published



MP, MINISTER OF FINANCE 1993-JUNE 2002

Three words—organization, organization, organization. OK, four words: money. No one else can match the Martin machine, which will be able to sell (is that buy?) more memberships, pack more riding association halls and babysit more delegates than anyone else. But he should get on a treadmill—some of his rivals have that lean and hungry look.



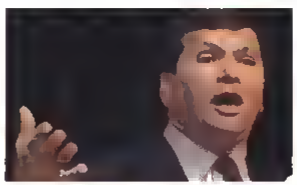
MINISTER OF FINANCE

He's the Boss's choice, so he starts off with the support of a sizable rump of Liberals who want to deny Martin the top job. He'll also get a lot of TV time, but Manley must resist the pressure to beef up Chrétien's legacy with a mountain of costly programs, or risk becoming the finance minister that spent Canada back into a deficit.



MINISTER OF INDUSTRY

Personable, Rock has held a number of key government posts and will likely appeal to social activists of the Liberal party. But he's tended to be error-prone in every portfolio he's held, and he also has a tendency to sound humourless and solemn in public appearances. In fact, he's the exact opposite in private.



FRANK MCKENNA

NEW BRUNSWICK PREMIER, 1987-1997

A natural and gifted politician, he's shown he can smooth talk both Main Street and Bay Street. But with no national organization, the former premier must decide quickly if he's to have a chance. McKenna might be better off going to the Big Show first as a cabinet minister under Martin, then waiting for the next time to go for the leadership.



MARTIN CAUCHON, 40

MINISTER OF JUSTICE

Best chance among the dark horses. Although he is largely unknown in English Canada, Cauchon is fast becoming a star in Quebec. He needs to brush up on his English diction. Still, someone's already proven that being oratorically challenged, sometimes in both official languages, is no impediment to success in Canadian politics.



BRIAN TOBIN, 47

EX-NEWFOUNDLAND PREMIER, EX-FEDERAL MINISTER, EX-CAPTAIN CANADA

The "former" in all his credentials tells the story. A fiery, impassioned podium performer, he's always been a crowd favourite. But the rap on Tobin is that he can't stick it out and jumps too quickly to the next dazzling opportunity that presents itself. Also can't speak French well.

ILLUSTRATION BY JASON EDMILTON; LEFT TO RIGHT, VINCE TALOTTA/TORONTO STAR; TIM HANSON; JONATHAN HAYWARD; ALL CP ARCHIVE

LEFT TO RIGHT, JOE GIBBONS/ST. JOHN'S TELEGRAM; FRED CHARTRAND; JONATHAN HAYWARD; BOTH CP ARCHIVE

days before last week's caucus meeting found that 78 per cent of Canadians would have voted to replace Chrétien, with Martin as the likely successor. And 45 per cent said their opinion of the deposed finance minister had improved over the summer months as opposed to only 16 per cent who said it had worsened. "For us, the best time to start the leadership race was yesterday," said Michael Robinson, who was Martin's campaign manager in 1990 and remains one of his key strategists. But Martin will not contest the timing set down by Chrétien, Robinson added—it would appear churlish, and he likely couldn't win anyway. "I don't think it's a big problem for us," Robinson said. "Paul has demonstrated that he can operate out of cabinet without any loss of stature with the electorate or Liberals."

Despite the many perils, Martin's advantage remains formidable. His organization's tentacles stretch from Newfoundland to British Columbia. He controls the executives of the vast majority of the 301 riding associations that will send delegates to the leadership convention. And then there is the money question. Laschinger says the longest leadership campaign he has worked on was the 10-month marathon for Mike Harris in Ontario in 1989-1990. "It was difficult and expensive." Here too, Martin is far ahead of his challengers. Although he has not revealed the size of his campaign chest, it is believed bigger than those of all the other prospective candidates combined. And while Chrétien has yet to release his cabinet ministers from his May edict to cease campaigning, Martin has already made plans to travel across the country next month. "I wouldn't worry about Martin being out of the limelight," added Laschinger.

If Chrétien has succeeded in complicating matters for Martin, he has done no less for himself. Unity and discipline traditionally take a back seat when leading cabinet members are preoccupied with campaigning and viewing government initiatives through the prism of their leadership aspirations. But last week, Chrétien wasted no time in reminding his caucus he remains the boss. "People talk about lame duck," he scoffed. "The president of the United States in the second term is a lame duck the first day [of his re-election]." But he continues to govern—to underscore his point, Chrétien warned cabinet ministers that if they feel constrained by the rules of campaigning he is laying out, they can always follow Martin's lead—out of the cabinet. "There are lots of guys who want to take their place," he noted. And he still holds the carrot of appointments. Several ministers close to Chrétien, notably House Leader Don Boudria and Transport Minister David Collenette, would likely not be included in a Martin cabinet and will be looking for a continued sinecure from the Prime Minister.

Meanwhile, Chrétien has laid out an ambitious agenda to keep the government's eye on the ball. Uppermost is reform of Canada's health-care system. Roy Romanow, head of a commission of inquiry, is expected to table his recommendations this November, and Chrétien has pledged to convene a First Ministers' summit on the issue. Health Minister Anne McLellan has said she wants to move quickly on the Romanow report, stressing that it would be a matter of months rather than years, even though Manley has warned there may not be enough money in federal coffers. Chrétien also hinted strongly last week his government will ratify the Kyoto accord to curtail greenhouse gases. He also wants action on early childhood development and Aboriginal governance. Other initiatives beginning the work of rebuilding Canada's infrastructure, particularly as it relates to urban renewal, and setting a new conflict of interest code for MPs and cabinet. "There is no fighting on the program," he stressed. "Absolutely none."

In Chrétien's mind, that should go some way in cementing a legacy that so far he's had to share with Martin. The Prime Minister has always chafed at the perception that his finance minister was primarily responsible for bringing overdue sanity to the government's finances, when he as prime minister signed off on all budget measures. Equally, Chrétien believes he has received only grudging credit for winning three majority governments, a feat critics assert could have been achieved by any credible Liberal leader given the disarray in the opposition parties. He has always been underestimated, said a confidant. But last week, Chrétien proved he has lost none of his vaunted touch for political tactics. "After 1990, the Martin people tolerated Jean Chrétien because they thought he was only going to be a transitional figure," said one loyalist. "Now, here we are 10 years later, and at best what's going to happen is that Martin will be the transitional prime minister until Liberals choose the next generation leader." Little wonder Martin looked so glum last week—at the very moment he should have been smiling. M



MINISTER OF CANADIAN HERITAGE
She surprised many in 1990 with her freshness and energy, but Copps will fare worse this time around. Her record as a minister has been spotty at best and she's no longer seen as having the gravitas needed for leadership. If she runs, it will only be to get the leverage to hold on to a cabinet portfolio under the new leader.

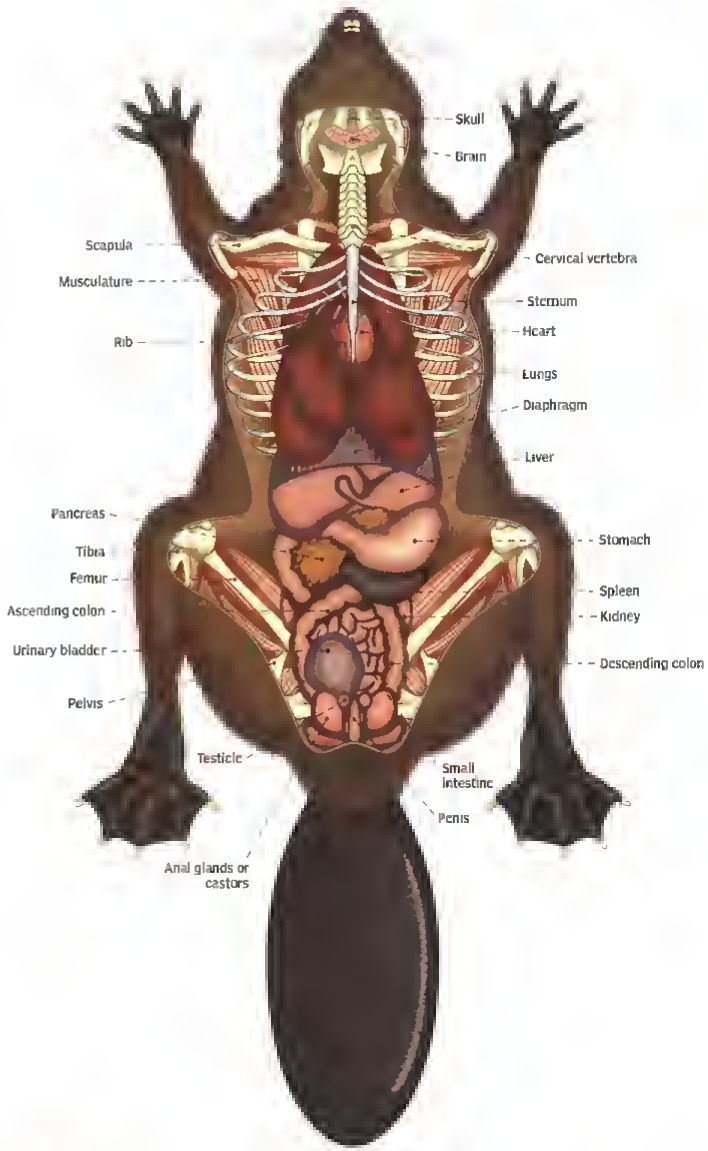


MINISTER OF NATURAL RESOURCES
He wants to run, but nobody can seem to figure out why. Dhaliwal has been a lacklustre minister, and the best that can be said is he hasn't screwed up. He had the misfortune of being fisheries minister when Burnt Church, N.B. was, well, burning. Didn't throw fuel on the fire, but didn't douse it either. No profile, no organization, no chance.

Should Jean Chrétien step down sooner than 2004? Vote on line: www.macleans.ca

FRED CHARTRAND (LEFT); TOM HANSON, BOTH CP ARCHIVE

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A LOYAL LIEUTENANT AND MORE

Chrétien has done many things—including an interview in a bathtub

THE CHRETIEN LEGACY it sifts through the fingers like silt. Rich silt, mind you, the stuff that real things grow in. But there is not a lot to get your hand around. There is no grand triumph to point to, like free trade for Brian Mulroney, or the patriation of the Constitution for Pierre Trudeau. Though for the latter, Jean Chrétien can share the glory. As Trudeau's justice minister, he was the one who shouted himself hoarse in defence of Canada in the 1980 Quebec referendum, who nurtured the fledgling Charter of Rights through its many parliamentary incarnations, and who, in the steamy hours of constitutional deal-making, wielded every political muscle he had to haul that stone sled to its destination.

Summing up Chrétien's career before his turn at the prime ministerial wheel is the easy part. He was the loyal lieutenant, the one who took on all the hard jobs. Indian affairs in the early years when the Trudeau government had ambitious plans to right a long history of wrongs, the constitutional file in 1980 when it needed a jolt of blue-collar passion, the National Energy Program, when the Liberals finally realized it needed to be dismantled. Chrétien was also the country's first French-Canadian minister of finance in 1977. A remarkable achievement, though he was brought low when Trudeau humiliated him by imposing, on network TV, a national program of government cutbacks without telling him in advance.

A climber, no question. A street fighter, too, but a happy warrior for the most part. Except for Quebec separatists, with whom he'd brook no truck nor trade, he could attack an opponent—Joe Clark comes to mind—in Parliament one day, then introduce him handsomely at a bipartisan rally a few weeks later with just the barest twinkle of irony in his eye.

The Chrétien legacy? The chantable will remember him as the very prototype of the apprentice prime minister. The politician from smallville Quebec who, for nearly 30 years, learned his craft at the feet of far more worldly practitioners—Mike Pearson, Pierre Trudeau. And then when his chance came, surpassing expectations by taming, with Paul Martin's stern help, the mountainous deficit that had bedevilled his predecessors, riding out the storm, just barely, of Quebec separatism, and, for the most part, settling a boring if relieved quietude on a land that had grown tired of government tumult.

A confession here. I'm inclined to be chantable. Chrétien was the only politician I ever interviewed in his bathtub.

That was in April, 1980, about three weeks before the first Quebec referendum on sovereignty. I was a 28-year old, Ottawa-based reporter for the *Globe and Mail*. He was the 46 year old minister of justice, tasked with coordinating Ottawa's referendum forces. It was an ideal job for someone with leadership aspirations—he had his finger on all the Quebec patronage plums, and an open door to every Liberal organizer in the province. But it was one he had uncharacteristically tried to avoid. This was his third election-style campaign in less than a year: the 1979 Liberal defeat to Joe Clark, the 1980 Trudeau restoration and now this, Rene Lévesque's challenge. He was starting to weary. But there was another reason for his reluctance, something he wouldn't admit to until a few years later. "I was afraid of not succeeding," he told me when the patriation battle was all but done. "And I hate to fail."

At that time, though, all I saw was a remarkable political team. For two days I tagged along with Chrétien and his wife Aline as they inaugurated federalist committees from early morning to late evening all over the island of Montreal. The pace was gruelling, but they didn't seem to mind. They'd enter a room and separate, each working a side, their antennae constantly attuned to each other: she'd seem to appear just when he needed a name or a reminder to get on with his speech or the next event. Then we'd be bustled into a car, a new driver each time—Chrétien would instantly find something they had in common, some old political war story, a Quebec politician they mutually admired. After only two days of this I was almost dead on my feet and happy to be dropped off at their hotel in downtown Montreal around midnight. "Come up. We'll talk now," said Chrétien. And so we did.

First, though, he popped in the bath. I perched on the end of the bed with my tape recorder, in a mirror I could just see his face and an arm hanging over the side of the tub, like in that famous painting by Jacques-Louis David of the murder of French revolutionary Jean Paul Marat. Aline was at the desk writing thank you notes to the local organizers they had met that day. I had known him for all of two days. We had barely spoken. But these were extraordinary times and he had a story to tell, maybe even to road test.

He talked about what it was like to grow up in working class Shawinigan, the second youngest of 19 kids, of whom just nine lived past infancy. About his pool-hall fights, his tough guy upbringing and the influence of his father, Wellie, a machinist and devout Liberal organizer. He spoke of how he had patterned his then fiery speaking style after rural politicians like the late Creditiste leader Réal Caouette, how difficult it had been to learn English when he arrived in Ottawa in 1963 and how he was paying a political price in Quebec for his 'pea-souper" defence of Canada. But that it was all for a larger cause. Just what that cause was—Canada, the opportunity that allowed a small town guy to reach some of the most responsible positions in the land, or personal ambition (Trudeau had been re-elected in February promising it would be his last term)—was never entirely clear. "My family and politics are my life,' he said that night. "But that is all I want."

This was Jean Chrétien at mid-life, tired, bruised but with the stamina of a horse and still shot full with ambition. Also incredibly open—and willing to take chances. In contrast, the prime ministerial Chrétien was infuriatingly pragmatic at times, almost Mackenzie King-ish in his determination not to get ahead of accepted opinion. Though after two legacy addicted predecessors in Trudeau and Mulroney, perhaps this was what the country wanted.

Chrétien's caution nearly failed him in the 1995 Quebec referendum, though who could have foreseen the messiah-like appeal of Lucien Bouchard for the sovereignty side. And his Liberal loyalty let ministerial spending scandals fester. But his early prudence has returned Ottawa to a position of fiscal power, to the point where it has launched something of a stealth attack on nominally provincial areas like municipal funding and higher education. And there is talk now of even more legacy dollars for the environment and education—building block stuff really—for this last 18 months in office.

There is irony in this, of course. Chrétien the effervescent deal-maker, now reduced to negotiating an extra 18 months in office, after three majority victories and not an opposition party in hailing distance, to keep from being tossed out by his own party. The conventional wisdom is that the long goodbye is a last-ditch ploy to keep would-be successor Paul Martin from the leader's chair. Perhaps. An activist agenda might steal some Martin thunder and time might tarnish his appeal but, of anyone, Chrétien knows that patience works in politics, and that the Liberal party loves a front-runner almost more than life itself. A year can be an eternity in politics. Forty years in office, 10 and change in the prime minister's chair, is nothing to sneeze at either. M





Whether sitting through 1981 constitutional talks (with Trudeau and Allan MacEachen) or with Aline during an election campaign, Chrétien has relished it all

FRED CHARTRAND/CP PHOTO (TOP); MACLEAN'S ARCHIVE

THE LAST GRASP

Paul Martin isn't getting any younger—or hipper

IN FEBRUARY, 2004, when his moment in the sun finally comes, Paul Martin Jr. will be on the downhill slope to his 66th birthday. Older than Preston Manning. Older than Brian Mulroney. Older than Joe Clark. Just slightly younger than Tommy Hunter. It might not be polite to say, but the dauphin is getting long in the tooth.

This, of course, is the logic behind the squeeze-play Jean Chrétien and his advisers executed last week, in delaying the Prime Minister's departure for another year and a half. Soon enough that it would seem ungracious to further hurry a man who has delivered three consecutive majority governments. Sufficient time to (hopefully) shiv his chief political rival by fostering a dark-horse candidate for the Liberal leadership, or an anybody-but-Paul coalition. A final bid by Yesterday's Man to make sure Martin's tomorrow never comes.

Theoretically, 18 months is an eternity in politics—long enough for the national landscape to change, long enough for the opposition to finally get its act together (maybe they were on a 10-year plan all along). Gilles Duceppe could be struck by lightning and develop charisma. Stephen Harper could get pec implants. The Tories might find a leader who won't remind Canadians why they vowed never to vote for them again. The NDP could … OK, this is where the theory falls apart.

Those risks have been calculated and dismissed as remote. As much as they loathe Martin, Chrétien supporters aren't eager to surrender their party's prerogative to govern in perpetuity. Their strategy is to make Martin run by himself for a while. To leak a few more negative stories about the multi-millionaire former finance minister's health or business dealings. To see how dynamic a man who turns 64 this week looks without a 68-year-old incumbent to tilt against.

The question is, should the rest of us care how old the next PM is? Martin is no slouch. A success in the private sector, he has earned almost universal respect since entering public life in 1988. He balanced the budget and helped reduce the debt. Born and raised in Ontario, he is fluently bilingual and well liked in Quebec. He has trained much of his life to become prime minister and wants the job more than words can express. Martin would hardly be the oldest Canadian PM—Sir Charles Tupper was 74 when he took office, while four others have been 65 or older. Ronald Reagan was 73 when he won his second term, after deftly defusing the age issue by promising not to exploit Walter Mondale's "youth and inexperience." (Though one imagines Martin's people won't be making any comparisons to the Gippet since Reagan may have been suffering from the early affects of Alzheimer's during his final years in office.)





PM then, and now? Junior campaigning in 1990, getting turfed from cabinet in 2002.

But despite the precedents and Martin's obvious qualifications, age is, and should be, an issue. If Canadians are tiring of the Chrétien government's perceived arrogance and anemic agenda, how would the priorities and direction of a Martin-led Liberal party be substantially different? The two men are, after all, of the same generation. They have worked together closely, albeit grudgingly, for nine years. Won't Canadians just be exchanging one elderly patrician lawyer for another?

Anyone unlucky enough to have been born after the boomers knows the tyranny of that demographic bulge. Their preoccupations—health care, retirement planning, hair loss, the Rolling Stones—dominate our political and cultural agendas, and will do so for years to come. To put it in perspective, Martin is from the generation *before* them—the people who wouldn't know a *Simpsons* reference if they ran over it on the Matlock Express. Boomers are infamous for their Peter Pan-ish reluctance to grow old gracefully. Perhaps that explains their apparent eagerness to hand the reins to yet another prime minister who was born before the Second World War. If, as we are frequently told, the social, economic and political challenges of the new century are different from those of the past, wouldn't a younger politician be a better choice? (NB: This is not an endorsement of Ezra Levant—for anything.)

The massive outpouring of grief for Pierre Trudeau two years ago suggests Canadians of all ages long for a national leader with both flair and vision. True, Trudeau was 48 when he beat Paul Martin Sr. to win the Liberal leadership in 1968, but much of his appeal was that he seemed younger, more vigorous, dedicated to new and different ideals. Stockwell Day's sad tenure as a federal leader proved the electorate favours competence over style and youthfulness, but should a politician who combines those qualities come along, things won't be quite so simple for the heir apparent. As things stand, Paul Martin is lucky Allan Rock and John Manley don't look comfortable driving trendy sports cars, or God help us, wearing capes. M

TIM HANSON/CP PHOTO (TOP); RSG INNELL/TORONTO STAR/CP PHOTO



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KALASHNIKOVS AND POPPIES

A tenuous peace has settled over Afghanistan following the defeat of the Taliban and al Qaeda forces. The nation's fighting men, who also battled invaders from the Soviet Union from 1979 until 1989, have been left with the daunting task of adjusting to civilian life. With little else to do, many are turning to the lucrative business of growing poppies for the opium trade. Toronto journalist Adnan R. Khan travelled with three mujahedeen soldiers returning home after 10 years of fighting with the Northern Alliance. Khan also followed them into the poppy fields, and wonders if these men will ever be able to put down their weapons. His report

SABIR KHAN can take a Kalashnikov apart and put it back together in under a minute. Not so amazing a feat, perhaps, but he does it with his eyes closed. It was an important skill during the Soviet occupation of Afghanistan, the 41-year old soldier explains as he lays the reassembled weapon gently down like a rare Stradivarius. Daylight was a dangerous time then for the mujahedeen, and they spent days sleeping in dark, dank eaves, waiting for the cloak of night before venturing out. It's a nocturnal habit that Sabir is unable to break. "I'm used to staying up all night," he says. "Besides, there's nothing to do in the day anyway."

For the thousands of Afghan fighters who have been waging one battle or another for years, the time to put down their weapons is coming. What to do next? It is a question that perplexes Sabir, as he arrives at nightfall in Jegdalek, 40 km southeast of Kabul in the foothills of the Hindu Kush. This is his home village, which he has not seen in 10 years. Life does not appear to have changed here in centuries. Meagre oil lamps provide light; there is no electricity, running water—or even roads, for that matter. That made the journey to the village a difficult one for Sabir and two other returning local mujahedeen, his cousin Ismail, 35, and Ashoor, 31. From Sorubi, where they had been based with the Northern Alliance since the fall of the Taliban, we drove through a dry riverbed strewn with boulders for most of the four-hour trip, pushing our four-wheel drive Toyota pickup to its limit.

I was half expecting a welcoming party when we arrived in Jegdalek, but Ismail had warned me not to expect much. "Some men are leaving after only a few days back," he told me between violent bounces in the back of the truck. He was right: our night time arrival garnered little attention. Virtually all of the men left Jegdalek to fight the Soviets in 1979, attacking convoys from the rugged hills for a decade. Then came the war with the Taliban. After all the violence, it is hard to believe that the three fighters will ever become farmers. They still wear army fatigues and keep their weapons locked and loaded at all times. In the absence of an enemy, they shoot at birds, and remain members of a small battalion of men from Sorubi. Unlike their Western counterparts, former Afghan soldiers don't have the luxury of reintegration programs to help them move into civilian life—a problem that could haunt Afghanistan's leaders for decades to come.

Ashoor wakes me up at sunrise. He's been the most eager to see his home and proudly leads me to a viewpoint overlooking the entire valley. "All the land surrounding the hill belongs to my family," he says, pointing to terraced fields of wheat just below us. "You missed the fruit season, but if you'd been here you would have been shocked by the amounts of plums and apricots." Ashoor has seen the least amount of fighting of the three returnees, and it shows in the youthful vigour with which he talks about his home. There is an absence of disillusionment, a readiness for new challenges that the other two lack. But even Ashoor doesn't go anywhere without a Kalashnikov slung over his shoulder.

That morning, the welcoming committee finally arrives—a few former soldiers who have recently returned home with their families after fleeing the invading Taliban army. A young boy serves rounds

Afghan soldiers are coming home, but some yearn to fight once again







Poppies for the opium trade being cultivated in a field near Kabul (top); war veteran Ashoor takes aim with his Kalashnikov (below left), an Afghan poppy grower





Sabir (above right) heads home for the first time in a decade, but makes a stop along the way to pay his respects to the dead

of green tea and the conversation begins Sabir, it turns out, is a living legend in this remote part of Afghanistan When he speaks, everyone listens, stopping whatever they're doing, setting their weapons gingerly on the ground and surrounding the chiselled veteran The stories Sabir weaves, of shooting down Soviet fighters, of firefights at the break of dawn, are awe-inspiring for the younger men They listen to the feats of courage with an unsettling hunger in their wide eyes But members of an older generation have a distant gaze of reminiscence, nodding their heads appreciatively and remembering a time when there was a purpose in their lives.

Now they must deal with this new thing called peace, and many are turning to growing poppies to survive Picking up his Kalashnikov, Sabir turns to me and says, "Today we will show you the poppy fields" After a brief breakfast of flatbread doused in milk, we walk into the wheat fields, toward a dogleg in the valley that eventually opens into a wide expanse of brilliant red and white flowers The poppies are in full bloom, cutting between the green wheat like a psychedelic river Despite U S and Afghan efforts to eradicate poppy cultivation in Afghanistan, sometimes by bulldozing the crops or paying farmers to destroy their flowers, these fields are thriving

Sabir points to a small patch of land where opium is in the process of being collected A few young boys gather the brown ooze from the flower head and add it to a growing collection in a bucket. The excretion is later dried. Sabir and Ismail gather up a small amount of the sticky substance for their personal use Later, we make our way up into the hills, where various cave complexes and trench systems attest to the more violent, recent past. Sabir shrugs his shoulder to redistribute the weight of his weapon and then falls into a more philosophical mode, perhaps due to the opiates he has licked off his thumb "Most of us are tired of fighting," he says "We've seen enough bloodshed to last a thousand lifetimes" But then, motioning with his arm at the verdant landscape that lies around us, reminiscent of a Monet painting, he asks, "What am I supposed to do here?"

In the distance, children leave the newly opened school, a converted barn housing some 30 students, and head off toward their homes The scene is one of promise, but it's difficult not to be skeptical about the near future My doubts are confirmed the next day when I leave Jegdalek Only Ashoor stays behind The culture of violence is too strong for Sabir and Ismail, longing for their fighting days, they head back to their battalion in Sorubi Afghanistan remains volatile, and they may not have too long to wait before another battle.

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'THEY WANT EVERYTHING'

A Canadian family waits in fear as Robert Mugabe moves against his country's white farmers

STANDING ON THE PORCH of his cream coloured stucco home, David Wilding Davies can see down the mountain and deep into the valley below. He can watch his children, Olivia, 3, and Max, 4, play with their pony Pookie on the front lawn, frown at the monkeys raiding his banana trees and admire the brilliant green of his coffee plants ripening under Zimbabwe's clear sky. He can also see the gravel laneway stretching to a metal gate. It is up this road that they will come, carrying guns, machetes and clubs. Zimbabwe's President Robert Mugabe has vowed to strip white farmers of their land, and the armed toughs have already driven off three of Wilding Davies's neighbours. Now he waits. Will they try to intimidate him into leaving by trashing his house? Or perhaps he will watch in horror as they beat the family's nanny, as they have beaten other black farm workers.

Africa had long intrigued Wilding Davies, 35, who is from Langley, B.C. In the early 1990s, he travelled widely on the continent. In 1996, he and his wife Amy, 37, spent their honeymoon in Zimbabwe, and three years later they paid $125,000 for a 132-ha farm in the Chipinge district of the country. Unfortunately for Wilding Davies, a member of Canada's Olympic equestrian team in 1988, he took possession almost at the same time the land issue, which had been simmering for decades, exploded. Mugabe, 78, began targeting white farmers, who at the time controlled almost 70 per cent of the country's arable land. With his popularity plummeting, the president moved to shore up support by allowing roving gangs to start taking over farms. So far, hundreds of white farmers have been forced off their property, and 11 have been murdered by Mugabe's raiders while thousands of black farm workers have been tortured.

Now, Mugabe's push to remove the final 3,000 white farmers has begun. Last week, dozens were arrested for defying an order to vacate their property by Aug. 9. Many others fled as Mugabe urged blacks to move onto the remaining farms. Dressed in jeans and a T-shirt, her blond hair touching her shoulders, Amy Wilding-Davies does not look like the type to stand up to armed threats. But she has not given up hope, even though she fears the arrival of Mugabe's supporters. "We are surrounded by farms that have been taken over by squatters," says Amy. "We deal with them every day. They want everything."

The family suspects their phone calls are being monitored, and neighbouring squatters have cut trees on their land without seeking permission. But until the thugs come up the drive, the family is trying to carry on a normal life. Maids Loveness and Rhoda, who live in small thatched-roof cabins just outside the front gate, continue taking care of the house. Lately, Amy has been teaching Rhoda to bake and to prepare Western-style dishes. They often start the day by baking bread in Amy's small kitchen, lined with cabinets of red-coloured gumwood.





Mugabe (top); Bennett hopes the West will speak up strongly for law and democracy

Despite the evictions, Amy says relations with their 75 farm workers, who live with their families on the property in a compound of smaller cement block buildings with thatched roofs, are still good. To escape the hottest hours of the day, the Wilding-Davieses and their employees usually start tending the 50 hectares of coffee at 5 a.m. Last week, workers spread lime at the base of the coffee plants to offset the acidity of the soil while others cut hay to feed the pony and the couple's two horses, Teddy and Kim (the animals had been used to play a version of lacrosse on horseback with other white farmers in the area before Mugabe began his crackdown). Still others had a sadder chore, and left with a tractor and trailer to pick up the belongings of an evicted farmer, which will be stored at the Wilding Davies farm.

If they can hold out, the Wilding Davieses plan to harvest 100 tons of coffee in 2003, an amount that would allow them to recoup nearly all of their original investment. But with the police going door-to-door to enforce Mugabe's eviction edict, and with others backing police up with machetes and clubs, 2003 seems a long way off. "We've made a commitment to live here, and we're quite determined," says David, "but no one knows what the rules are."

The crisis comes closer to their farm each day. One of their neighbours, Roy Bennett, says his wife suffered a miscarriage when their home was ransacked. One of his female farm workers was savagely beaten and a male worker had a wire wrapped around his testicles. Their crime: they refused to denounce white farmers and support Mugabe.

Now Bennett, who is also an opposition MP, is helping to lead a last-ditch international campaign to stop the evictions. He told *Maclean's* the farm seizures mask the wider suppression of civil liberties in the country. Anyone who opposes Mugabe, not just white farmers, is being intimidated, sometimes savagely, he said. "What's happening to 4,000 white farmers," said Bennett, "is exactly what's happened to thousands of ordinary people in Zimbabwe. They've been beaten and they've been raped because they are supporting the opposition."

Mugabe's bid to stay in power has imperilled the lives of millions of his countrymen. As the farms have been taken over, food production has fallen, and the United Nations' World Food Program says that almost half of Zimbabwe's 12.5 million people need food aid. While Mugabe says black farmers who now have land will quickly make up any shortfall, those who have watched the takeovers first-hand are pessimistic. David Wilding-Davies says the raiders stripped a nearby farm of everything, including the irrigation equipment, and nothing has been planted by those who now control the land. "It used to support more than 80 farm families," he says. "Now it supports just 10, and the others have nowhere to go." The Wilding Davieses are doing what they can to help their own farm families. "They're not eating properly," says Amy. "We send guys on scouting missions for food, and if they can get it at a reasonable price we'll pay for it."

Any hope of delaying Mugabe's final push to evict the white farmers may rest with foreign governments. Bennett says the West has to stop worrying about its guilt "over colonial baggage and racism," and put pressure on Mugabe by withholding aid. As well, Western governments are in the midst of weighing a plan conceived by African leaders and known as the New Partnership for Africa's Development, under which aid would only be given to countries that promote good governance and democracy. The West, says Bennett, could put pressure on major African countries to influence Mugabe, by refusing to proceed.

Undeterred, Mugabe said in a speech in Harare last week that nothing would stop the evictions. And so far, even those farmers who have gone to court in a bid to hold on to their farms have been barred from returning to their land until their cases are heard. "If we're forced to go, we will," says Amy. "But it's sad to see our communities fall apart around us." It may take years for Zimbabwe to put the pieces back together again. M





A view of the Wilding-Davies farm (top), the family celebrating Christmas in 2000, the same year the president launched his violent land-reform program

PAUL CAMMEAB/REUTERS (TOP); PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER BREGG/MACLEAN'S

©COURTESY OF THE WILDING-DAVIES FAMILY

PILLS, PROFITS AND...PERILS?

Canadian on-line druggists raise controversy selling meds to Americans

DAREN JORGENSON had no thoughts of a multi-million dollar cyberspace industry when he started selling pills on the Net two years ago. The Winnipeg pharmacist just hoped to make a few extra dollars shipping medicines to U.S. citizens who ordered on-line. "I'd heard stories about busloads of North Dakotans crossing the border to buy less expensive drugs from pharmacies in Manitoba border towns," he says. It seemed a natural extension to offer Americans a better service—inexpensive Canadian pharmaceuticals delivered to their doors with the click of a mouse.

Today, Jorgenson says his company, CanadaMeds.com, has 180 employees in Manitoba filling 1,000 orders a day at about $400 a pop, shipped to U.S. customers in every state. Despite serious concern from the pharmacists' and doctors' associations in Manitoba over quality and standards, his original one-room e-pharmacy has vastly expanded—filling 10,000 sq. feet in three Winnipeg locations. It operates seven days a week, year-round, pausing only for a few public holidays. And the Manitoba controversy has simply led him to cover his provincial bets: he has opened a second operation in Calgary and plans to expand into British Columbia.

Internet pharmacies are becoming a big Canadian business. Manitoba is the centre so far, with about two dozen registered outlets, but others operate in B.C., Alberta, Ontario, Quebec and Newfoundland. Jorgenson estimates there are tens of millions of U.S. citizens looking to buy pharmaceuticals at low Canadian prices. "The American demand for drugs," he says, "exceeded my wildest expectations."

Hardly surprising. Americans can save as much as 90 per cent shopping in Canada, he says. The reasons: the low Canadian dollar and a federal government policy that keeps a lid on drug prices in Canada. "The U.S. is a wide-open market where multinationals charge pretty much what they want for pharmaceuticals," says Jorgenson. As a result, many Americans, especially elderly pensioners without drug plans, can't afford U.S. prices.

But in buying Canadian, Americans are technically breaking their own laws. Because of concerns over quality control, the U.S. Food and Drug Administration forbids people from importing medicine without prior approval. There is, however, only so much the agency can do, according to FDA spokesman Brad Stone. "I wouldn't characterize it as turning a blind eye," says Stone. "What is true is we do have limited resources, and it certainly isn't our top priority."

North of the border, a Health Canada spokesman says the federal department has no jurisdiction over e-pharmacies—regulation is a provincial responsibility. The provincial acts governing pharmacies require that a prescription written by an American doctor be co-signed by a Canadian-licensed physician before it can be filled in Canada. So professional associations governing both pharmacists and physicians are watching the e-pharmacies' fast growth with a wary eye.

The Manitoba government, however, fully supports the thriving business. "I'm a big fan of technology," said Industry, Trade and Mines Minister MaryAnn Mihychuk after touring Jorgenson's Winnipeg operation in June. "And this government is ready to grow this technology driven industry." And then there are the jobs. The e-pharmacies are providing much needed employment in rural areas where drought and low grain prices have decimated the farm economy.

In Minnedosa, Man., a town of 2,400 people 200 km west of Winnipeg, an Internet pharmacy is the biggest employer. RxNorth.com started two years ago by listing Nicorette gum for sale on its Web site. The company now employs 160 area residents filling more than 1,000 prescriptions daily. "We've expanded twice and we still need more room," says co-owner Mark Rzepka. In the small agricultural town of Stonewall, 25 km north of Winnipeg, pharmacist Marty Sexton has been inundated with job applications since announcing plans to open Aptecha.com.

Attracting pharmacists to oversee day-to-day operations and physicians to co-sign prescriptions has been more problematic. The doctors who co-sign for CanadaMeds.com, says Jorgenson, are based in the U.S. and are licensed and insured in both countries—either ex-pats or Americans who studied and qualified in Canada. Other e-pharmacies operate differently. Some have co-signers within their province. Others rely on doctors in other provinces. To counter any professional qualms, the e-pharmacies offer cash incentives. Druggists have gotten signing bonuses of $20,000 and can expect salaries of up to $110,000 a year, compared with about $80,000 that retail pharmacists earn. Dr. David Corder, a family physician in Beausejour, Man., says one Winnipeg on-line firm offered him $10 a script to sign 100 prescriptions a day. "I was this close to doing it," Corder says, "when I received a newsletter from the College of Physicians warning of severe reprimands for co-signing scripts."

Jorgenson fills about 1,000 orders a day. 'The American demand for drugs,' he says, 'exceeded my wildest expectations.'



Jorgenson gives Mihychuk (left) a tour

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID SQUARE

Those who order on-line must fill out an exhaustive questionnaire about their medical histories. But Dr. William Pope, registrar of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Manitoba, argues that with no face-to-face contact between the co-signing doctor and the U.S. patient, Internet drug delivery is breaching the college's standards of practice. Furthermore, the Canadian Medical Protective Association, which defends the vast majority of Canada's doctors against malpractice suits, takes a dim view of co-signers. "If they're rubber-stamping a prescription that is written by someone else," says association spokeswoman Barbara Wilson, "there is a risk if there's an adverse reaction and they are sued. We'd have to very carefully look at that before deciding to defend, and likely would not do so."

As for druggists, Ronald Guse, registrar of the Manitoba Pharmaceutical Association, says he is concerned because Net-based dispensers cannot discuss the medication with patients in person. Some e-pharmacists accuse Guse of being on a personal mission to shut down their industry. But he maintains that his goal is to develop consistent standards of patient care. "I'm not saying Internet pharmacies can't exist," says Guse. "I'm saying they need to be properly regulated."

Jorgenson insists that the industry, aware of its association's concerns, is already well regulated. "We adhere strictly to a nine-point policy for Internet pharmacies operating in Manitoba written by Ron Guse and his council," says Jorgenson. The bulk of his sales are for managing disease states such as cancer, diabetes and high blood pressure, he says, and the company never sells abusable drugs such as morphine and codeine. Guse knows that, Jorgenson adds, because for a while he was visiting CanadaMeds.com seven days a week to ensure there were enough pharmacists on duty to check prescriptions for accuracy. "Ron has threatened us with immediate closure if he finds us in breach of code," says Jorgenson. "Last time I looked we were still in business."

Jorgenson, meanwhile, is taking his own steps to develop standards in the U.S. In June, he co-chaired a Washington meeting of the North American Pharmacy Accreditation Commission attended by Sen. Bill Frist of Tennessee, who is a physician. Jorgenson says the commission wants guidelines to ensure that Americans receive approved drugs prescribed by licensed physicians when they order from Canadian e-pharmacies.

In Canada, the National Association of Pharmacy Regulatory Authorities worries that its pharmacists are helping to break U.S. laws. Executive director Barbara Wells says her organization plans to co-host a conference with Health Canada this fall to address concerns. A major one is whether the on-line businesses will have a negative impact on Canadian drug pricing and availability. "If this continues to grow, we've wondered how long there'll be such a difference in price allowed between Canada and the U.S.," says Wells. "I'm sure if I was in the drug industry, I'd be pretty upset." For now, though, Canadian drugs will continue to flood south—very profitably. "We're in this," declares Jorgenson, "for the long term." M



ILLUSTRATION BY GREG MABLY



MY HEALTH, LAID BEAR

I'm in hospital, bleeding. And I'm sure it's related to the agonies of the market.

STRATEGISTS ARE SUPPOSED to be "plugged in." That expression has a range of interpretations, but being plugged-in to two intravenous bags—one containing a red liquid that is, I am informed, high test Rh negative blood that recently coursed through someone else's veins—isn't generally included in the definitions. This column is written under those inconvenient circumstances.

As to why I need all this medical attention, there is a dispute between me and some of Ontario's finest health-care professionals. They ascribe my problems to internal bleeding caused by sensitivity to Aspirin. (I've been taking the stuff for years, because doctors told me it was good for my health.) I like to be considered a sensitive soul, but why this massive hit without warning in midsummer 2002? They don't know, but they reject my explanation.

I tell them that my system has, through decades of interaction, absorption and adsorption, become attuned to the Dow Jones industrials. Instead of poking me, pricking me and otherwise subjecting my aged anatomy to the most exacting tests modern medicine can devise, they should rephrase the question to "How Now Dow, Don?"

This is no laughing matter, let me tell you, Canadian Medical Association. The agonies of the stock market are catching. Indeed, I think a strong case can be made that the most dangerous epidemics in the modern industrial world originate in the financial system. This column is hereby offered for inclusion in the literature on the New Epidemic.

The doctor at Brockville hospital's ER, a model of a concerned professional, made the diagnosis shortly after my admission, an opinion later confirmed by the resident at Kingston. During the ambulance drive between hospitals, the emergency staff was keen to discuss the stock market. They joked about its being in worse shape than I. When would it come back? What about Nortel?

During my interview with the night nurse in my room, I told her I managed equity mutual funds. A hoarse cry of rage came from beyond the curtain. "Those equity funds are no damned good!" This was followed by a lengthy, inchoate diatribe that only ceased when the nurse went in to calm him down. The fulminator was an elderly stroke victim, whose portfolio, as I was to hear at great length in ensuing days, had recently developed serious health problems he thought should be ascribed to TD Waterhouse. I did try some mild objections against his assignment of blame, but he was obdurate.

This connection between the health of the stock market and the health of the investing populace should be, I argue, a new field in epidemiology. The surgical resident here has an MBA, so, despite his current rejection of my views, he might be the ideal expert to found a new specialty: Financially Acute Diseases (FADs).

The greatest FAD, the Black Death of its kind, was Neweconomitis, the technology mania of the 1990s, which caused millions of people to behave insanely, frequently with destructive effects. The plague was carried by an airborne virus, but rats—upscale, high-living rats—were important in its rapid spread. Pied Pipers appeared, but they were an alien breed of Piper who promoted—rather than hindered—the spread of the disease. (The original Black Death started in Asia, but reached Europe at Genoa, this plague began near San Francisco, a breeding ground for many noxious fevers, and entered the financial system at Wall Street.)

Chrysitis—popularly known as Gold Fever—is a FAD recorded since earliest times. It infected millions in its last pandemic form, which raged worldwide between 1980 and 1983.

What is the complaint that has sent me to a Kingston facility for what might be called correctional purposes?

I term it Ursitis (Bear Pains), a condition that has been around, in varying intensities, since stock markets began. Ursitis is financial nature's way of clearing up a man-made mess, and it fulfills several functions in the ecology of finance. Bears are both predators and scavengers: they eat the flesh of the weakened living and of the dead. The recent outbreak of culling and cleaning has occurred on a majestic scale, because of the environmental disasters inflicted by Neweconomitis.

Why me? I was warning people not to buy tech stocks. So why do I bleed?

The answer is that I suffer for having erroneously predicted the waning of the bear period. I thought, by late June, that shares of non-tech companies had been punished enough for (1) guilt by association, and (2) the lingering effects on the economic landscape from the polluted accounting and other accompaniments of Neweconomitis.

That was a bad call. Bears promptly became more ferocious than ever. That I was punished in such sanguinary fashion is due, I suspect, to my failure to note the obvious: bears don't hibernate in the summer. That's why the scariest ursine months have historically come in September and October, as bears fatten furiously for their coming snooze. Stock markets stabilize once the grizzlies, blacks and browns have begun hibernation.

The good news is that, with one of those miracle drugs whose high cost infuriates critics of the pharmaceutical giants, I shall get discharged within hours. (Without it, I'd be here for weeks.) That may be the signal that the stock market's production of FAD viruses has also passed its peak.

That's the bedside bear bulletin. M

I tell the doctors that my system has become attuned to the Dow Jones industrials. They should rephrase the question to, 'How Now Dow, Don?'

Donald Coxe is chairman of Harris Investment Management in Chicago and of Toronto-based Jones Heward Investments. His column appears every week. dcoxe@macleans.ca

ROCKING THE BOAT

You'll soon need a licence to operate small craft

WANNA DRIVE A SEA-DOO, Jet Ski or other personal watercraft? Better start studying. After Sept. 15, adults will need to carry a boating licence proving they scored at least 75 per cent on a written safety regulations test before they can even start an engine. The licence deadline also applies to adults operating motorized boats shorter than four metres. For bigger boats, grownups have until September, 2009, to pass the test, required in every province and the Yukon, but not the Northwest Territories and Nunavut. The rules already in place for youths are even tougher: everyone born after April 1, 1983, needs a licence to drive any motorized vessel. For the full set of regulations, including where to take the test, see the Office of Boating Safety's Web site at *www.ccg-gcc.gc.ca/obs-bsn/main_e.htm*. And don't assume you already know the basics—the federal government has toughened up all boating rules in recent years. Check out some of the requirements at right—or risk being caught up an unnavigable waterway without a manual propelling device.



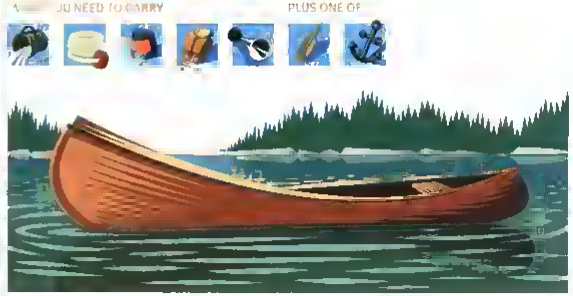
POWERED PLEASURE CRAFT (6 M AND UNDER)

LICENSING REQUIREMENTS: Unsupervised kids 16 and under need a boating licence. Those under 12 can handle a 10-hp engine, ages 12 to 16 up to 40 hp. From Sept. 15, adults will need a licence for motorized craft under four metres (13 feet).



CANOES, KAYAKS, ROWBOATS (LESS THAN 6 M IN LENGTH)

LICENSING REQUIREMENTS: None



PERSONAL WATERCRAFT

LICENSING REQUIREMENTS: PWC drivers must be at least 16 years old and, as of Sept. 15, carry a licence.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY GARY ALPHONSO



IN LEACOCK LAND

The great humorist thrived on 'strange incongruity'

ANALYZING HUMOUR, it's been said, is a lot like dissecting a frog. You may learn something about anatomy in the process, but the frog usually dies.

Stephen Leacock, the funniest writer Canada has ever produced, managed to do the near impossible: he dissected and defined the very essence of humour—and he did it without killing a single frog. The root of all comedy, wrote Leacock, "lies in the deeper contrasts offered by life itself, the strange incongruity between our aspirations and our achievements."

Nowhere was this contrast more evident, and nowhere was this "strange incongruity" more lovingly depicted, than in Leacock's own fabled town of Mariposa. Steeped in gentle delusions and coddled in the summer sun, Mariposa is both the source and the template of a particular Canadian myth. The myth of "nice." I have come to the city of Orillia, and to Old Brewery Bay on Lake Couchiching, in search of this.

Our image of Canada as a small town, sleepy and innocent, was invented here, on the shores of this calm-water bay.

HE WAS IN HIS TWENTIES when he first happened upon a secluded inlet of Lake Couchiching. Leacock had been exploring the coastline of the lake in his sailboat when he discovered a small bay, hidden behind a point of land. The ruins of an old brewery stood amid a hardwood forest of oak and maple. The shore sloped gently into the water, and the water teemed with fish. Leacock had found his Eden.

When he returned, years later, it was with a Ph.D. in political economics and a career in academia. In 1906, Leacock had already written the book that would make him famous: *Elements of Political Science*. Translated into 19 languages, and required reading in more than 30 American universities, *Elements of Political Science* remained Leacock's biggest money-maker and his single most widely read work. At the age of 37, Leacock toured the British Empire as a lecturer. By the age of 38, he was the head of the economics and political science department at McGill University.

Stephen Leacock had arrived. His course was charted, his success assured. Even better, he could now afford to buy his Eden. So he purchased land on the small, sheltered bay he had discovered on Lake Couchiching and, with his brother Charlie's help, built a temporary summer shelter, not much more than a lean-to shack, down near the water's edge.

Over the years, Leacock's ramshackle shanty grew, piecemeal and pell-mell, with other rooms and wings added every which way. Chicken coops, greenhouses, woodsheds and other additions would appear one year only to be torn down or refitted the next. Leacock tried to turn his property on Old Brewery Bay into a profitable hobby farm, but he failed to understand that the cost of transporting one's produce to market should not exceed the amount *received* for said produce. As a farmer, Leacock was an excellent professor.

And then, at the age of 40, Leacock's career took a sudden and unexpected turn. In 1910, a slim, self-published chapbook of comic essays appeared. Entitled *Literary Lapses*, Leacock's unassuming little book quickly sold out and was immediately picked up by a large British publisher. Leacock the economist had suddenly became Leacock the humorist. Forced to choose between one career path or the other, Leacock chose ... both.

He led a double life, dividing his world between humour and economics in much the same way that he divided his time between Montreal and Orillia, and between McGill University and Old Brewery Bay. Leacock embodied the very incongruities he wrote about. Born of a privileged class, he had been raised on a down-and-out farm amid that odd "genteel poverty" that comes with being the offspring of a remittance man. He believed in social justice and yet was a staunch imperialist. He admired Jefferson, yet exalted the British monarchy. He loved money but couldn't stand wealth.

Leacock was a master of the perfect vignette and the gentle spoof. Although hailed as "the Canadian Twain," he never had the depth or narrative scope of Twain. But as a humorist, as a pure humorist, he was second to none. Robertson Davies considered him a genius.

In the course of his lifetime, Leacock would write 61 books, more than half of which were works of humour. If anything, he was prolific to the point of promiscuity, at one point, three of his books appeared within the span of seven months. When asked the secret to being a successful writer, Leacock replied, "You just jot down ideas as they occur to you. The jotting is simplicity itself—it is the occurring which is difficult."

> Asked the secret to being a successful writer, he replied, 'You just jot down ideas as they occur to you. The jotting is simplicity itself—it is the occurring which is difficult.'

The Myth of Mariposa was launched in 1912 with the publication of *Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town*, a collection of linked stories, originally commissioned by a Montreal newspaper, that celebrated the foibles and follies of a small town called Mariposa. In his preface, Leacock effectively dedicated the book to Canada as a whole, "a land of hope and sunshine where little towns spread their square streets and their trim maple trees beside placid lakes almost within echo of the primeval forest."



Mariposa may have been dreamlike, but it was by no means idyllic. This is a town that burns down its church for insurance money, where the elections are rigged, the leaders are blowhards, and the most intelligent citizen is a 300-pound illiterate hotel keeper. And yet, even then, there is an innocence to Mariposa, a lack of guile that is absolutely disarming. It's Red Green at Possum Lodge. It's Wingfield on the farm. It is a town inhabited entirely by eccentrics.

Even better, Leacock did not invent Mariposa. He simply embellished Orillia. The two communities are one and the same, and many of Leacock's stories are grounded in fact, even if he himself tried to deny it. "Mariposa is not a real town," he stated with utter insincerity. "On the contrary, it is about 70 or 80 of them. You may find them all the way from Lake Superior to the sea ..."

But the "sinking" of the Mariposa Belle, one of the funniest chapters in the book, is almost certainly taken from an incident that occurred on Lake Couchiching when the steamer Longford ran aground on a sandbar. Once the passengers were evacuated, the Longford floated free ... and continued merrily on its way.

Orillia's Anglican church *did* burn down (though hopefully not for the insurance money) and the local hotel keeper *was* a man of enormous girth and cunning business acumen. In fact, the parallels between Orillia and Mariposa were so blatant, you wonder why Leacock even bothered coming up with fake names, and even then, the half-hearted pseudonyms that Leacock did assign were as transparent as a thin coat of paint.

A lawyer in Orillia threatened to sue Leacock for libel, but Leacock insisted, years later, that the threat had been made "in fun." The *Globe and Mail* reported "mutterings about libel suits" but nothing ever came of it. And the town barber, who had chatted freely with Leacock whenever he shaved him, found himself forced to apologize to his customers. "How in hell was I to know he would put these things in a book?"

Biographer David M. Legate has said that "although he brought fame to the town, Leacock was never popular in Orillia." But the accuracy of that statement has been disputed, and Leacock certainly wasn't run out of town after *Sunshine Sketches* appeared. Far from it. As the years went by, Leacock spent more and more time at his summer home on Old Brewery Bay, soaking up the sun, tending his garden, and boating along the shimmering waters of his own personal Eden.

I AM HERE at Old Brewery Bay with Elizabeth Kimball, just before her 90th birthday. Elizabeth is Leacock's niece, she was a frequent visitor to his summer home and is the author of a book on her famous uncle, entitled *The Man in the Panama Hat*.

"This is where I swim," she says as we

ILLUSTRATION BY BOB RAMSLEY

scents & sensibilities

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walk along the shore towards the boathouse. The use of the present tense is revealing. "The rocks are slimy, I have to sort of pull myself out into deeper water first." She still takes her sailboat out on Lake Ontario.

Elizabeth remembers the swarm of cousins and nephews and nieces who were feted at Old Brewery Bay. "Uncle Stephen," she says, "loved to have the house full of people."

In 1928, Leacock dismantled his original rambling patchwork of a summer house and built a proper mansion. It was a major undertaking, but Leacock, ever the shrewd economist, had come up with a clever plan.

Elizabeth explains. "Uncle Stephen brought in a young architect and told him that they could save money by building the new house out of the material from the old house. The architect looked at Uncle Stephen and said, 'How exactly am I going to build a bigger house out of a smaller house?' Uncle Stephen grumbled, but he paid for the extra materials."

The house that Leacock built at Old Brewery Bay is an improbable sight today, akin to stumbling upon an English estate in the Canadian woods. Befitting this incongruity, the house manages to be both grand and modest at the same time. A wide veranda offers an expansive view of the bay, and there is wood panelling throughout and a wine cellar and billiard room below, and yet, the house was never ostentatious and never lost that sparse, understated feeling of a summer home.

The property fell into disarray after Leacock died in 1944. Vandals and thieves ransacked it, hoboes slept in it. The sun porch collapsed and the garden grew wild with weeds. At some point a ghost moved in, though whose ghost exactly is still a point of debate. Thanks largely to the dogged efforts of local citizens, Leacock's home was eventually rescued and restored and is now open to the public. It is a place ripe with words and rich in laughter. (Among the items in Leacock's library is a file folder labelled "Letters From Damn Fools.")

My favourite detail is the mirror in the dining room that was set at a certain angle so that Leacock could keep an eye on the servants in the kitchen. Leacock had a volcanic temper, but his outbursts were usually short and ineffectual. He would sometimes get angry and fire every one of his servants only to sheepishly rehire them all the next day—and at a higher wage.

From the veranda, Elizabeth looks out across the bay. In spite of the murky waters and clouds of ravenous mosquitoes, she misses the old place. "It was always summer when I came here."

SUNSHINE SKETCHES ends on a sad note, with its narrator having moved to the city and abandoned Mariposa. Ensconced in the warm leather chairs of the city's Mausoleum Club, he speaks warmly about "the little Town in the Sunshine that once we knew." And he never goes back.

Mariposa, it's been said, "represents any small town in Canada," but this is not entirely true. Mariposa was always rooted in a specific time and a specific place. It is an Anglo Ontario town, an outpost of Empire, British to the bone and blissfully unaware of the fact that it exists at the end of an era, in a world about to be destroyed forever by the horrors of the Great War.

Guy Vanderhaeghe, in his essay, "Leacock and Understanding Canada," argues that we should look at Mariposa "not as the embodiment of some kind of vague 'Canadianism,' but as a distinct and local expression. Perhaps even, to press a point, as a regional and ethnic work." For Vanderhaeghe, Mariposa was perhaps "never more than a dream."

But if Mariposa was just a dream, it was a collective dream nonetheless. It was a dream we once shared. One that embodies, if not Canada, then a certain myth of Canada, that image we have of ourselves as a sunshine town, the "Mariposa of Nations," if you will, a dream nurtured not because it is real, but because we want it to be real.

In his afterword to *Sunshine Sketches*, Jack Hodgins writes, wistfully and with more than a hint of wish-fulfillment, "In some magical way we have *all* come from Mariposa." And that is the strangest incongruity of all, although based firmly on a real place and real people, Mariposa itself never really existed. M

Will Ferguson is the author of *Bastards & Boneheads: Canada's Glorious Leaders Past and Present*. He lives in Calgary with his wife and two young sons. wferguson@macleans.ca



IT'S A TOUGH LIFE

I like to travel—if you're gonna be a writer, best to be a moving target

ONE DAY I WAS crawling on my hands and knees in a ditch in Holland, looking for my glasses that I had lost while helping to fix a flat for a kind driver who had picked up this hitchhiker. Another Dutchman stopped and asked wot in-hell is going on. He divined, correctly, that I was not cut out to be a hitchhiker and talked me into buying a Vespa scooter—of which he just happened to be a supplier.

I headed for Sweden, took a ferry across the Baltic to East Germany without a visa, made it to Berlin, hung a left and headed through East Germany without any papers on the way to Poland, where I hit a cow and removed the top three layers of skin on all 10 fingers. The object of the speed was to get to Warsaw because a Polish Canadian girl had promised to meet me at noon on July 1—Canada's Day!—under the clock in the Warsaw railway station. She never showed up.

Wiser, but still stubborn, I steered my steed back through Germany, Austria, Italy, France, Spain and across to Morocco, before settling down for the winter in a tiny Spanish town outside Marbella to write the Great Canadian Novel. The novel never showed up.

One day, studying in Toronto, I decided to connect with my family in Vancouver. I rented a car and headed south. First to Detroit, and then down through Ohio and Kentucky. Into Tennessee and Georgia, then Selma, Ala., where I was warned any strangers in town were either the Feds or journalists. Then Mississippi and into Louisiana for lovely New Orleans. Hung a right to the L B J ranch in Texas, through New Mexico and Arizona to, outside San Diego, Calif., a wonderful bit of the Mediterranean called La Jolla.

North past dreadful Los Angeles, to William Randolph Hearst's San Simeon, Big Sur, Haight Ashbury then in full flower in San Francisco, Oregon, Washington state and there, at the end of the trail—surprise!—was Vancouver.

One day, in London, two of my friends and I had a brilliant idea. Take a Volkswagen to Helsinki and drive south through the Soviet Union until we hit water. There was only one problem. We were forced to be accompanied by an official Intourist guide. Beautiful, blond, 25-year-old Ella Dmitrieva. We danced in Leningrad. We danced in Moscow. Down into the Ukraine. Through Kiev and Kharkov we all danced and laughed. At Odessa, on the Black Sea, where we were to sail to Romania and Bulgaria and Istanbul to Athens—where the Vespa, shipped from Copenhagen awaited—there was a tearful, toast filled farewell dinner in a beautiful restaurant at sundown. We then went down to the dock, where Ella kissed all three of us goodbye—and then turned us over to the fuzz who seized all our photographs.

One day, I had a fantastic idea. A federal election call imminent, I would tap the soul of the country. I flew from Vancouver to Halifax, determined to cross the entire country and interview every waitress and garage mechanic so as to X-ray what the common people thought. I had hardly got into Quebec, when Mr. Trudeau—cleverly knowing I was grounded—called the election. So as I ploughed doggedly along, interviewing every waitress and garage mechanic in the land, I could spy above me—at 35,000 feet—the Trudeau campaign jet, filled with all my buddies from the Ottawa press gallery amidst all their lies and gossip and the free champagne for breakfast. While I was down in my rent-a-car with the real people. At Lloydminster, Sask., I gave up. I said goodbye to my last waitress. And joined the lies and gossip.

We then went down to the dock where Ella kissed us all goodbye—and then turned us over to the fuzz who seized our photographs

One day, while working on Fleet Street, I decided to see the British Isles. The Vespa headed north to Sheffield, where they make all that wonderful cutlery. North to raw Glasgow and classy Edinburgh. Up to the Island of Skye, then south to Belfast, and west to Connemara, so beautiful with its yellow broom it would make ye cry. Dublin, which cannot be described, and across to Cardiff in time to hear the Queen, at the closing ceremonies of the Empire and Commonwealth Games, announce that she is naming her son the Prince of Wales. You've never lived until you've heard 45,000 Welsh voices in Cardiff Arms Park belting out *God Bless the Prince of Wales*.

One day, while working in Washington, I had a problem. My car was still in Vancouver. So I flew home, drove through Washington state, Idaho, to Utah's Mormon Temple in Salt Lake City, Denver in Colorado, Kansas, Missouri, crossing the Mississippi at St. Louis, nipped down to the Grand Ole Opry in Nashville, then on to Kentucky, West Virginia, Virginia and—ta-dah!—The Home of Monica. Highlight of the whole trip? A night at a truck stop where, over the pool table, truckers boasted how they—on uppers and downers, urged by the owners—drove their 18-wheelers 16 hours straight. As we figured.

One day, I went to Cape Town to help free Nelson Mandela. No. 2 son, having won an Air Canada ticket as a door prize, flew to Athens, survived in a small sailboat across the Med to Cairo, and started south via his thumb. I started north via expense account. We met three inches from the equator, at Nairobi in Kenya. We went to Lamu, an island in the Indian Ocean. I was sitting in the hotel garden in the brilliant sunshine, a small libation at hand, banging out my column on a laptop. "Dad," No. 2 son said, "do you have the best job in journalism?" I replied, "No, I have the best job in the world."

I guess I like to travel. If you're gonna be a writer, you gotta travel. Best to be a moving target. M

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'PEOPLE HAVE LOST FAITH'

A key business leader on corporate responsibility

AVIE BENNETT, publisher, real estate developer and York University's chancellor, has been involved in business for more than 40 years. In 2000, he donated 75 per cent of prestigious publishing house McClelland & Stewart Ltd. to the University of Toronto—a move designed to secure the firm's future—and stayed on as chairman. More recently, with former NDP leader Ed Broadbent, Bennett co-chaired a committee studying how to bring greater corporate social responsibility to Canada. After an 18-month probe, their report was released earlier this year. Bennett, 74, spoke with National Business Correspondent **Katherine Macklem**.

The mindset has to change,' says McClelland & Stewart's chairman

Since your report came out, there has been an endless stream of corporate scandals in the U.S. Are you surprised by them?

I'm not surprised at all. I think our timing was good—corporate governance is on everybody's lips.

Do you expect to see the same kind of accounting scandals in Canada?

Oh, sure. We haven't called them scandals, but if you take a look at Nortel, it's pretty close to the line. It's a company whose value dropped, what, 99 per cent? Obviously there was something wrong with the way they were doing their accounting, and the way it was reflected, and shareholders, and you and I, and every pension-fund holder, was affected.

If you ask me, was John Roth dishonest?—no. Was he greedy, and was his board responsible in allowing the kind of pay and bonuses that he got? I would say the board didn't do its job. And I think boards are going to be a lot more careful in the future.

It's said the market is driven by fear and by greed. Is that also what's driving business?

There's no question that business has been driven by the need to have the quarterly statement meet expectations or surpass them, and in recent months, you've seen the results every day. It's wild. You've had a lot of bad actors who have done things that are questionable, or dishonest, and it's coming home to roost. People have lost faith in the markets.

Let's talk about corporate social responsibility. Explain what it is.

It's the relationship of a company to its suppliers, its environment, its customers. It's all the aspects of doing business beyond worrying about the next quarterly profit. Companies, certainly major-sized companies, should disclose their activities in the community. Say, if you're a forestry company, how many trees are you replanting? Or, if you've got a smelter, what are you doing with the environment? If you're in a foreign country, are you using child labour? What kind of conditions do your employees live in? You should recognize certain human rights. And you should not have bribery.

Isn't it outrageous that you have to spell out that there shouldn't be bribery?

Sure it is. The government should not support companies that don't carry out these basic requirements. They shouldn't be on Team Canada junkets or get international development agency loans if they can't carry out the same basic standards of decency that you have in Canada. And if that means not doing business in certain countries—then so be it.

What you're talking about is changing the way people approach doing business.

Exactly. I think people's minds are going to change when they see their savings of the last five years eroded and disappearing. Obviously, our system now is not working. So the mindset has to change.

On a broad scale, how do you make that change in mindset?

I think Canadians are basically decent, well-intentioned people. Seventy-two per cent say they accept the legitimacy of corporations, and the right to make a profit, but they also want companies to accept a broader sense of accountability that extends beyond profit maximization. And a somewhat higher proportion, 74 per cent, of shareholders agree that executives have a responsibility to take into account the impact their decisions have on employees, local communities and the country, as well as making profit. I'm idealistic enough to think people running major companies will respond to these pressures and will reflect the attitude of their shareholders. Canada is behind most of Europe in terms of corporate responsibility, and there's no reason why we shouldn't get on the bandwagon.

Go back to when you were a publisher, or even farther back, when you were a developer: has your mindset changed?

I remember, about 40 years ago—and I hate to admit this now—the first time I hired a woman to be my chief accountant. In the back of my mind, I thought, "This is great, I can get her for less money than a man doing the same job." She was a very bright woman, and did a great job for me.

Did you give her a raise, by the way?

Yeah [*laughs*]. And your attitude changes with that.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER BREGG/MACLEAN'S



DEAD STUDENTS SOCIETY

High school teaches kids to associate learning with mind-numbing boredom

AROUND THIS TIME last year I'd probably have been loading up my high school backpack, getting ready for another 10 months of aching shoulders. But now that I'm out, I confess. From 9 a.m. to 4 p.m., I was a member of the Dead Students Society—one of the many who took their classroom seats and put their lives on hold, waiting for the end of another deadly day, five times a week. Not that I was a bad student. I worked hard to get high marks, but my real ambitions lay beyond the classroom. Sure, I had lots of friends, lots of laughs, and lots of imagination, but that wasn't enough to save me from the mind-numbing traditions of credits, class notes and curriculum.

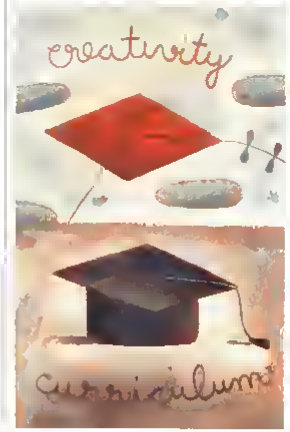
One day my frustration reached a head. I came home and asked my parents if I could drop out of school so that I might have more time to fulfill my ambition of becoming a writer. They refused, of course. But they cut me a deal: if I continued to get high grades and remain on the honour roll, I could fast-track, finish a year early, and spend my spare year working on the writing projects that I've had to shelve along the way.

Well, I did it. I got the grades and have claimed my year of freedom. But as I move toward the future, I find myself dwelling on the past. My memories of high school are rather cloudy. Strange, considering how recent they are. But then again, they were cloudy as I lived them. I would wake up every morning at seven, eyes weighted by lack of sleep, and stumble to the shower in a tired stupor. As the day moved forward, I would eventually grow more alert, though no more awake. Upon completing my walk to school, I would be overcome by the same, solemn thought: "Time for another day of clock watching." Soon I would be sitting behind a desk, my spirit draining from me as the ink does from a pen.

Most of my friends would agree that this is the daily reality of a high school student. You spend so much time "learning," yet learn so little. Education is not built around inspiring interest or provoking thought, but memorizing facts. It's as if tennis balls are being thrown at your head. They bounce right off, leaving only faint impressions that last until test time, when they fade away. For example, history, the way it was taught to me, was one extensive board note, and each class seemed longer than the era it was covering. Abstract facts are meaningless until they're given an intellectual or emotional charge that makes you want to learn.

In the days following Sept. 11, all students took a renewed interest in the world issues class, because of its new emotional weight. But despite the new energy of the students, our teacher refused to talk about the tragedy. She said it was "too current," and that she didn't want to discuss it until "all the facts were in." In response, I dropped the course.

For me, learning is thinking, creating, understanding. It is about nourishing rather than numbing the mind. For years I have learned more in the summertime, when I am free to think on my own terms, than in the school year. The pen in my hand means something more than a final exam. It stretches beyond standardized testing and into my creative spirit.



Everything in school, on the other hand, is stuck to a curriculum, including the good teachers. Even great literature is treated like an instruction manual, and becomes just as exciting. Students are left unInspired. The process leads kids to associate learning with boredom, and pushes them closer to the television screen, leaving all books in their backpacks.

Einstein was right. Time is relative. It's amazing how long an hour and 15 minutes can seem. I remember, more than once, when the computers were down in my typing class, the teacher would still make us sit out the period even though we couldn't do any work. On my first day of class I noticed that the windows had been bolted down. Now I understand why.

The most energizing moment of my entire high school experience may have been when I watched *Dead Poets Society* in my Grade 10 English class. Sadly, that moment was to remain on the television screen. But in the hours it played, I saw everything modern education was missing: creativity, energy, passion. Here was part of the answer to the education crisis, yet it was incorporated merely as part of the lesson plan.

I can't say I know the exact solution to the problems in the education system. But it is clear that high schools must occupy young minds with something worthy of their energy. Students' thinking needs to be challenged, not discouraged. Education needs to be stimulating, not strained. In my philosophy class last year, I remember hearing a description of Plato's Academy. In his school, critical thought was the basis for education; open discussion was as important as curriculum. It is this spirit that modern education needs to rekindle. I agree that there are certain things we should be taught—history, science, literature, math and much more. But might we find a way of teaching them creatively? Only if learning is given new spirit will dead students find new life.

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ILLUSTRATION BY LUC MELANSON





FIREFIGHT AT THE MEDAK POCKET

Ottawa will honour Canadians who took part in a little-known battle

In September, 1993, Canadian troops stationed in an area of Croatia known as Vojna Krajna engaged in a fierce battle with Croatian forces attacking a predominantly Serb enclave. The engagement, little known outside of military circles, was not publicized by the Canadian government, which was hesitant to draw attention to the increasing dangers the country's troops were facing abroad. But this December, Ottawa will finally honour the soldiers who took part in that firefight by presenting them with a unit commendation. *Maclean's* tells the story of the battle.

PTE. SCOTT LEBLANC'S machine gun jackhammered against his shoulder as he fired at the Croatian troops dug in 150 metres away. Grenades exploded around him, bullets and orange tracer-fire screamed through the smoky air. The Croatians hammered the Canadians for 15 hours straight—thinking the 30 soldiers from the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry would buckle and run like other UN peacekeepers had often done. But the Canadians, members of one of three platoons making up the Patricia's Charlie Company, held their ground. "They're trying to flank us," LeBlanc's section leader barked, sending a jolt of adrenalin through LeBlanc's exhausted body. Standing halfway out of his trench, the 19-year-old reservist swung his gun around and opened fire on the Croatians. "We could see muzzle flashes and threw everything we had at them," recalls LeBlanc, now a 28-year-old lieutenant who has just returned from Afghanistan. "After that, everything got real quiet."

The fierce battle took place in September, 1993, about a year and a half after Canadian peacekeepers had first arrived in the former Yugoslavia. Vicious fighting and appalling acts of ethnic cleansing made their task of disarming and separating the various combatants nearly impossible. Especially volatile was one mountainous region of Croatia called Vojna Krajina, or Military Frontier, home to an isolated pocket of some 500,000 Serbs. Fiercely nationalistic, the Krajna Serbs began to drive out Croats. But on Sept. 9, Croatian Commander Rahim Ademi launched an attack to capture an area of Serb-controlled territory in Krajna called the Medak Pocket. The UN, fearing that 400 Serbs living in four unprotected villages in the area were at risk of being slaughtered by Croatian troops, ordered the Patricia's into the area—and into the biggest firefight Canadian forces had been involved in since Korea.

Five months into a six-month tour of duty, the Canadians were led by Lt.-Col. James Calvin, 41. The 875-man battle group was a patchwork of regular and reserve soldiers. In fact, 70 per cent of the front line soldiers were reservists—a makeup that, Calvin says, could prove dangerous in a war zone. "Reservists are just as long on valour and courage," the now retired Calvin told *Maclean's* from his home on Wolfe Island, Ont., near Kingston. "But you can't expect one to do the same things you expect from a regular soldier."

Still, after four months in the region, Calvin considered his force seasoned, especially with his hand-picked group of platoon leaders, including reservist Lt. Tyrone Green. The morning of Sept. 9 started nicely enough for the Vancouver native in charge of 9 Platoon, Charlie Company, with sunshine poking through the cracks in the boarded windows of the platoon's quarters, a two-storey concrete building on the outskirts of the Serb-held town of Medak.

Calvin (on the right) with a fellow peacekeeper in 1993 (opposite), a building used by Canadian troops in the Pocket

But as Green dragged a razor across his chin, his morning shave was interrupted by incoming artillery shells. With soap still clinging to his face, Green, who is now a captain in charge of a Canadian Forces recruiting office in Vancouver, grabbed his helmet and raced to his M-113 armoured personnel carrier. At one point he was knocked down when a shell landed in a nearby ditch. He wasn't hurt, but four Canadians were injured in the shelling. "We counted 500 or more shells by the end of the first day," says Green. "About a dozen fell in our compound and one landed about 10 metres from the front door."

Not knowing where the shells were coming from, Green sent Sgt. Rudy Bajema to establish an observation post. For the next five days, Bajema watched as the Medak Pocket was attacked by more than 2,500 Croat troops, backed by tanks, rocket launchers and artillery. The Serbs finally slowed the Croatian advance on Sept. 12, but it was not until they launched rockets into a suburb of Zagreb, Croatia's capital, that the Croats relented and accepted a UN ceasefire.

Calvin, who didn't really expect the Croatians to live up to the agreement, ordered his troops to occupy the Croat positions. "We started taking fire almost immediately from the Croats," recalls LeBlanc. The battle raged for the next 15 hours. It was so intense that at night the light from burning buildings reflected off the soldiers' blue UN helmets, prompting them to wrap them in khaki-coloured T-shirts. Finally realizing the Canadians would not back down, the Croats sent word to Calvin that they wanted to talk. They had good reason to call a truce: the Canadians had killed 27 Croats while not taking a single casualty.

Joined by Col. Michel Maisonneuve, a Canadian officer from the UN headquar-

COURTESY OF COL. JAMES CALVIN (RET.)

COURTESY OF CAPT. TYRONE GREEN



Canadian soldiers who took part in the military engagement at the Medak Pocket witnessed atrocities that continue to haunt many of them

ters in Zagreb, Calvin met with Ademi at his headquarters in a town near the fighting. Ademi sat on one side of the table, blustering and yelling at the Canadians. "He looked like he was enjoying the role he was playing," says Calvin. "Emotions were very high and I was irate my men were getting shot at." But after an hour and a half, Ademi finally relented and promised to pull his troops out at noon the next day.

The Croatian commander, however, was determined to terrorize the Serb civilians living in the area before he left. By 10 a.m. the next morning, a thick umbrella of smoke covered all four towns in the Medak Pocket as the Croats tried to kill or destroy everything in their wake. The Canadians witnessed scenes that still haunt many of them. "They could see what was happening from their foxholes," says Calvin. "My soldiers knew their role was to protect the weak and the innocent and they were absolutely incensed." But fearing the ceasefire agreement with Ademi would collapse if they advanced, the Canadians could do nothing but hold their ground.

Finally, when the noon deadline passed, the Canadians raced ahead, but immediately encountered a company of Croat troops behind a barricade—and supported by missiles launchers and an ominous Soviet-era T-72 tank. Calvin approached the senior Croat brigadier, their conversation quickly became heated. The large, bearded Croat ordered his men to cock their weapons and point them at the Canadians. "We knew they were stalling so they could clean up evidence of their ethnic cleansing," Calvin recalls.

Calvin did not order his troops to fight, and instead tried another gambit. With the Medak attack almost a week old, the international media had converged on the area. As negotiations with his bearded counterpart deteriorated, Calvin held a news conference in front of the barricade and bluntly described the atrocities he believed were being committed by the Croatians. Realizing his country's reputation was in jeopardy, the Croat commander suddenly stepped aside. "The transformation was instantaneous," says Calvin. "He made a big show of removing the barriers."

The Patricia's then pushed on. Every building in their path had been demolished and many were still smouldering. Corpses lay by the side of the road, some badly mutilated and others burned beyond recognition. "We knew it was going to be bad," says Green, "but the things we found there were worse than anything we expected."

The Canadians documented everything they saw. Calvin's subsequent report helped convince the International Criminal Tribunal for the Former Yugoslavia to issue an indictment in 2001 against Ademi, charging him with crimes against humanity. Made public one year ago, the report is a brutal list of murder and torture. Among the victims: Sara Krickovic, female, 71, throat cut; Pera Krajnovic, female, 86, burned to death; Andja Jovic, female, 74, beaten and shot. In all, the Patricia's found 16 mutilated corpses—some with their eyes cut out.

The soldiers rotated home four weeks later, but there was no hero's welcome. At the time, Canadians were focused on the disturbing revelations that a teenager named Shidane Arone had been tortured and killed by Canadian peacekeepers in Somalia. Kim Campbell's Conservative government was also facing a federal election and didn't want the increasing dangers Canadian troops were facing in the Balkans raised as an issue. "When we got back to Canada a couple of weeks later, the first thing I did was call home," says LeBlanc. "My folks hadn't heard anything about the battle."

The force did receive high honours from the United Nations in 1994, when its members were given the United Nations Force Commanders' Commendation—the first of its kind and only one of three ever awarded. And, this December, the Canadian government finally plans to honour the troops by presenting them with a unit commendation. But the honours only go so far. With vivid memories of the battle, many of the soldiers still suffer from post-traumatic stress syndrome.

As for Ademi, his case rests in legal limbo. After the indictment, he voluntarily turned himself over to the war crimes tribunal, proclaiming he had a clear conscience because "I did not order any atrocities." Last February, the UN granted him a provisional release on condition he return to The Hague when the trial proceeds, likely next year. Calvin may be called to testify. "Ademi should be called to account," he says. "No soldier should be able to get away with that." M

With Sean M. Maloney

COURTESY OF COL. JAMES CALVIN (RET.)

THE CANADA CONNECTION

Babe Ruth had close ties across the country



The Bambino loved to hunt in eastern Canada. Here he is in Nova Scotia, 1936.

IT'S BEEN NEARLY nine decades since Babe Ruth hit his only minor league home run, and his first in organized baseball, at Toronto's Hanlan's Point Stadium on Sept. 5, 1914. Ruth never made a big deal out of that hit, which legend has it disappeared into Lake Ontario, but in recent years hardly a summer passes without someone suggesting that scuba divers plumb the depths of the city's harbour for this Holy Grail of baseballs. No matter that an eyewitness report in the *Toronto Star* at the time said the ball landed in the right field bleachers where it was probably returned to action. The Ruth myth doesn't tolerate shortchanging.

When the Bambino hit 60 home runs for the 1927 New York Yankees, a disgusted social critic, Robert Ayre, blasted what he saw as a desperate Canadian identification with the exploits of American celebrities. "When Canadian children bowed down to Babe Ruth," he wrote in the *Canadian Forum* that year, "they showed how Canada had been integrated into the American Empire."

Ayre's complaint in this case was as off-base as the big fellow himself when he got caught trying to steal second for the last out of the 1926 World Series. In fact, Ruth's life is a veritable treasure house of Canadiana.

The Red Sox owner who brought him to Boston—Quebec City-born Joe Lannin.

The first batter to face Ruth in his major league debut as a pitcher—Jack Graney from St. Thomas, Ont.

His first wife—Helen Woodford from Halifax.

The man who replaced him in the Yankees outfield—a Canadian, of course, George Selkirk from Huntsville, Ont.

His longest home run—a 600-foot blast at Montreal's Guybourg Grounds in a 1926 exhibition game.

These aren't just isolated pieces of Ruthiana. Of the time he spent at the orphan's home, St. Mary's Industrial School outside Baltimore, where his bartender father sent him at age seven for tough love under the strict Xaverians, Ruth said: "I met the greatest man I ever knew." This was Brother Matthias, born Martin Boutlier in Lingan, N.S. This Cape Bretoner taught Ruth how to play baseball using lessons he had learned on Nova Scotia's diamonds.

Ruth was never more the closer Canadian than in his encounters with two of the country's defining symbols. The hefty gentleman in tan coat and heavy cap watching the New York Rangers at home in the off-season of 1930 told a reporter, "I used to play hockey around Baltimore, but we didn't get much ice in the winter so I wasn't very good." And in 1927, he was the man the Mounties got as a swarm of kids tackled him after an exhibition baseball game in Toronto. The second Mrs. Ruth wrote in *The Babe and I*: "He had to be rescued by no less than the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. They yanked him up on the back of a horse and rode him to safety."

His most memorable trip north showcased the man's myth writ large for a Canadian audience. Ruth was in Vancouver after the 1934 season with a team of major leaguers on their way to barnstorm through Japan. A game was scheduled for the day before their departure, but the field was soaked and it was raining at game time. Most superstars would have begged off, but Ruth took the announcer's megaphone and asked the 3,000 hardy fans in Athletic Park, "Do you want us to play?" He was greeted with howls of encouragement.

"What a dandy town," Ruth told his fellow players, according to the Vancouver *Daily Province*. "If these people are willing to sit through this, we can't let them down." Teammate Lefty O'Doul said, "We wouldn't have done it for anyone other than the Babe." Ruth slogged through the entire nine innings.

By the time he returned to America, he was no longer a Yankee, having been sent to the Boston Braves where he played 28 dismal final games. New Brunswick and Nova Scotia then became his favourite destination for hunting and fishing. On one of his last trips, he gave a hitting exhibition at a wartime fundraiser in Halifax.

Is it any wonder Canadians want to believe that his maiden home run lies tantalizingly near, at the bottom of Lake Ontario. The Sultan of Swat had a lot of the Canuck of Clout in him. M

COURTESY OF BABE RUTH BIRTHPLACE AND MUSEUM, BALTIMORE, MD



PROPHETS WITHOUT HONOUR

Some of Canada's most successful writers are almost unknown

THEY WRITE ABOUT anything and everything. A Parisian cop and his unlikely Gestapo partner in occupied France. Magical swords in a parallel Tudor kingdom. Tempestuous Regency heroines. Quiet Christian prayer. Guides to fantasy realms. Some of them are stunningly prolific, others have racked up enviable single-volume sales figures. They've won industry awards, glowing foreign reviews, large print runs and healthy incomes. On top of all that, they're *Canadians*.

And you've never heard of them.

It takes a few moments of calculation, but Ed Greenwood is confident when he comes back on the line. "The one on my computer right now," he says from his farmhouse near Cobourg, Ont., "is book 164." Greenwood, 43, who writes fantasy novels and guides to role-playing games, can't remember a time when he wasn't endlessly scribbling. (He writes even while posing for photographs, and in one year crafted 11 books.) The stepson of noted children's writer Barbara Greenwood, he was inventing sequels to his favourite stories by age 7. When he was 16, Greenwood found the instructions to a role-playing game inadequate, so he wrote his own and sent them to the manufacturers. Their acceptance of the changes led to a trade magazine column, and by 1979 he was dispensing advice to other game players through an alter ego, a wizard called Elminster.

In that persona, Greenwood began to write game-playing guides, and geographical and historical backgrounders for his fantasy realms. In addition, he writes novels *about* Elminster, and other characters. He also attends conventions as the wizard, "a dark-bearded version of Gandalf, with a fake British accent, eccentric and crotchety." Elminster, in fact, can be "terribly annoying," Greenwood cheerfully admits in his travesty of an upper-class twit voice, but "some years he brings in astonishing amounts of money." Like 1994, when *Elminster: The Making of a Mage*—a fat hardcover novel Greenwood wrote in just 16 days—sold out its 75,000 print run between Boxing Day and New Year's Eve.

Until last year, Greenwood also worked full-time as a Toronto library clerk, cramming regular shifts, lengthy commutes and four hours of writing into his day. "But," he laughs, "I got Sundays off." When it's suggested that a mere four hours daily hardly seems enough time to produce his prodigious output, Greenwood responds, "Oh, but I could get in 14 to 16 hours on a Sunday." Didn't he say he had Sundays off? A puzzled silence is followed by dawning enlightenment in author and interviewer both. "Off *work*," Greenwood clarifies. Even now he works part time at the public library in nearby Port Hope. "I like meeting people," he says. "Anyone who comes through the library door is a potential book character."



Greenwood never stops scribbling, while Powers has 15,000 poems to her name

Greenwood is not alone in writing as easily as he breathes. Margaret Fishback Powers has been at it since she was six, and the 60-year-old itinerant Christian evangelist from Tillsonburg, Ont. reckons she's written as many as 15,000 poems. One is the now ubiquitous "Footprints," seen by millions over the past 20 years on greeting cards, T-shirts, figurines and Christian Web sites. It's about a woman glancing back at the single set of footprints she's left in the sand, seeing them as a sign God had abandoned her in hard times. But the Lord responds that it was exactly then "that I carried you."

Others have claimed authorship of "Footprints." So in 1993 Powers set down the story of how she wrote the poem in 1964 at a youth retreat near Kingston, Ont., and how it later escaped her control to spread anonymously across the continent. *Footprints: The True Story Behind the Poem that Inspired Millions* recently hit the half-million sales mark in its various editions. "That's been a bit of a surprise," Powers says, but not nearly as much as the fact that "it really touches people when there's a death. Yet I wrote it the day my husband asked me to marry him."

J. Robert Janes would never agree with Greenwood that writing is more play than labour, but he wouldn't flinch at Elminster's schedule. "I work very hard, six days a week," says the Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ont., author of the St. Cyr and Kohler mysteries, set in occupied France. "I finish one book and I start another, though I did take three weeks off, once, in 1982." Now 67, Janes began his working life as a geologist before taking the plunge as a full-time writer in 1970. He wrote kids' books, geology texts, non-fiction and novels until—22 years later—finding lasting success and an absorbing subject with *Mayhem*, the first of a dozen mysteries. His atmospheric, superbly researched series features two weary cops and Great War veterans—one French, the other German—compelled to work together. Often menaced by shadowy Resistance operatives, collaborators or high Nazi officials, they learn to place their trust only in each other.

Although Janes's novels have appeared in translation as far away as Turkey, no French publisher has picked them up yet. "My understanding is that a lot of older French people just don't want to talk about the war," Janes says. "And my books, well, they touch a lot of sensitive areas." American reviews, though, have been overwhelmingly positive, including the *Wall Street Journal*'s, which "pleased me, a socialist, immensely," laughs Janes.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFF HARRIS

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHANN WALL

The war era has interested him since his Toronto boyhood, when he grew up along side a family of Belgian refugees "I'm fascinated by the tapestry of the Occupation," says Janes, whose wife, Gracia, is a weaver as well as an environmental activist "How when you pull one thread everything starts to unravel"

The level of detail he provides about daily life—everything from the night blindness caused by a lack of vitamin A to black market deals—impresses professional historians In October, the Western Society for French History, an academic association, will hold a plenary session at its conference in Baltimore on "the convergence of fiction and history" in Janes's novels

He isn't Canada's only ex-geologist with literary ambitions Dave Duncan, 69, pursued that career in Calgary from 1955 until one of the oil industry's periodic collapses left him free to publish his first novel in 1987 He's since produced 32 more, mostly fantasies and science fiction, once turning out five books in 13 months Duncan is now a global star, frequently translated into Russian and German, and lauded for characters who "feel more deeply and think more clearly than most" in the genre, according to one U S review Although Duncan claims to have been "raised in Britain on trashy weekly boys' papers," a thorough grounding in science and history is apparent in his *Blades* series, set in an alternate Tudor realm "My King Ambrose is Henry VIII, when he shuts down the sorcerers, it's Henry closing the monasteries" His novels provide Duncan with "a good living," he cautiously offers, though not at the level of those Christian authors "who sell like frozen peas"

> "Odd that mysteries are acceptable because of their 'realism'. Everyone falls in love sometime; how many corpses have you tripped over?"

Born and raised in England, Jo Beverley has written "since I could put sentences together" But her first romance novel wasn't published until 1988, 12 years after she'd immigrated to Canada with her scientist husband Twenty-three novels later, the Victoria author is a prominent rebel against her genre's rigid rules Like most in the romance field, Beverley, 54, is a specialist. "I write three periods, all in England—Regency, Georgian and early medieval" She began her career crafting what are known as "traditionals" (i e , no sex) When she shifted, in the early '90s, to racier, more complex stories, she felt compelled to write a letter of warning to her readers But the fans by no means turned away She's sold 3.5 million books, and won five awards from the Romance Writers of America as well as a place in its Hall of Fame Beverley now earns an estimated $300,000 annually

As well as a childhood itch to write, write, write, the authors also share a common response to the obscurity that is their lot in their home country The national tendency to lionize Canadians who have met with success abroad simply does not extend to genre writers, let alone the authors of devotional tracts While they are reviewed in the U S , only Janes—the literary world considers mystery a cut above romance or fantasy—can expect any coverage in Canadian media (Beverley is sardonic about the reasoning behind that "Odd that mysteries are acceptable because of their 'realism' Everyone falls in love sometime in their lives; how many corpses have you tripped over?") Greenwood, like the others, professes complete unconcern "I see all the CanLit buzz, the awards and attention, and I think, 'Yeah, yeah—while you guys are busy, I'll just write another book' " In his case, of course, that may be literally true

But while the lack of attention hasn't crippled them financially—their average income dwarfs that of all but a handful of literary fiction writers—it really does sting Janes is open about how much foreign encouragement has meant to him. "Four years ago I went to a mystery writers' conference in the States Bookseller after bookseller told me how much their customers liked my series Before that no one *ever* said they liked what I was doing"

Even for compulsive writers, a little praise goes a long way

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CLOSINGNOTES



MUSIC | 52

Play it again, Sam
When Montreal's Sam Roberts recorded a six song EP a year ago he didn't expect anyone to take notice Well, people did Now you can't escape his single, *Brother Down*, and everyone expects great things to come But this laid-back rocker is just enjoying the ride



TV | 54

In the mood for nostalgia
Don Messer's Jubilee on the CBC television network was one of Canada's favourite shows



People | A menage a trois with Anton Chekhov

Albert Schultz, actor, director and occasional ham, sticks his head out of a second-floor window of his Toronto house and calls down to his wife, actress **Susan Coyne**, who sits in their garden. "Susan, darling, do you know where the powder is?" "How embarrassing," Coyne says, feigning horror "Now everyone will know that my husband wears makeup" A bit later, nose powdered, Schultz, 39, emerges—ready for a photo shoot.

Canada's first couple of theatre is in a jaunty mood Soulpepper, the Toronto company they founded with 10 fellow actors in 1998, is sailing through its fifth season with its usual cargo of critical acclaim As artistic director, Schultz acts, directs and has charmed a raft-load of financial support. And leading lady Coyne, 44, is turning playwright, with *The Old Business*, a short piece about **Anton Chekhov** It'll be offered alongside four rarely performed Chekhov farces, two of which will be directed by Schultz "Rehearsing Chekhov is like undergoing psychotherapy," he claims "What emerges is as devastating, exhilarating, messy and hilarious as life itself."

Coyne, meanwhile, has been immersing herself in Chekhov's life with some late night reading "Everyone who met him fell in love with him," she remarks, adding that she too has fallen prey to his charms "Yes," drawls Schultz, acknowledging their theatrical menage a trois, "Susan sleeps with Anton, and I've been seeing him at work" JOHN DEMROSE

Schultz and Coyne are the first couple of Canadian stage

THE DETAILS

Soulpepper's Absolutely Chekhov runs from Sept 3-28 and consists of four plays by the Russian playwright (*The Dangers of Tobacco, Swan Song, Summer in the Country, The Bear*) and one about Chekhov by Susan Coyne and Jason Sherman (*The Old Business*)

Listings | Hip festivals

Watershed Festival Aug 31-Sept. 2
The Tragically Hip are set to headline the third instalment of Walkerton's festival, which was launched in 2000 to aid the victims of the town's water tragedy Walkerton, Ont.

Canmore Highland Games, Sept. 1
It's about more than haggis Enjoy authentic Highland dancing, music sheepdog demonstrations, a beer garden and an evening ceilidh Canmore, Alta.

3rd Annual Vancouver International Tap Dance Festival Aug 30-Sept. 2
World-famous tap instructors will provide classes for amateurs and pros alike in this weekend devoted to fancy footwork. Vancouver

Nova Scotia International Air Show, Sept. 7-8
Aerial enthusiasts can check out exhibits and take in a four-hour air show featuring the Snowbirds aerobatic jet team and the SkyHawks parachute team. Shearwater, N S.

Harvest Jazz & Blues Festival, Sept. 11-15
With 250 performers, this event is sold as the biggest celebration of jazz and blues music east of Montreal and north of Boston. Fredericton, N B

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: PHOTOGRAPH BY MACKENZIE STROH; COURTESY OF CBC; PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM CICCOCIOPPO



Music | Meet Sam Roberts, he's gonna live forever

Montreal singer-songwriter Sam Roberts is the oldest—and shortest—of four boys, aged 17 to 27. "I have this theory that my brothers and I are going to live to like 200 years of age," says Roberts. "I just think there's a lot to do." And he's wasting no time. Roberts studied violin as a child, has an English degree, is well travelled and has spent the last decade toiling in rock music obscurity. A year ago he cut a six-song EP, *The Inhuman Condition*, not expecting anything to come of it. "I was burning copies of it at my parents' place," says Roberts. "That was my definition of a release." But his infectious power-pop songs about girl trouble, good times and apathy caught the attention of Canadian label MapleMusic Recordings, which gave the record a real release and helped get the single *Brother Down* on the radio. Then Universal Records signed Roberts for his next CD, to be recorded after a fall tour with The Tragically Hip. Considering the sudden turn of luck, Roberts and his band are trading up their "ratty old station wagon" and "robin's egg blue 1989 Chevy Cavalier" for a used van. "We're just wondering," says Roberts, "if we can hitch it onto the back of one of The Tragically Hip's buses—that way we'll save gas money." With that kind of conservation-minded thinking, Roberts may just make it to 200. SHANDA DEZIEL

Diversions | Ron MacLean



The Oakville, Ont.-based *Hockey Night in Canada* straight man is enjoying the off-season. Here's how he's been spending his free time.

MUSIC: BOB EGAN, *The Promise*. "Bob Egan is a member of Blue Rodeo and released an indie album this spring which is great."

WEB SITE: SLOT ARCHIVE. "It's sort of my bible. It's a good way of monitoring newspaper sports pages from right across North America."

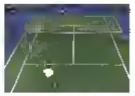
Reviews | Arcade athletics

NFL FEVER 2003 (Xbox)



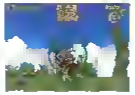
There are no fewer than five football games being released this fall. And the latest edition of NFL Fever, as with many titles, gives the feel of watching the sport on TV. The graphics are incredibly realistic, the commentary colourful and the volume of offensive and defensive moves mind-boggling. In addition to creating their own teams, players can customize uniforms and home stadiums. Improved game intelligence will offer veterans more challenging play, while rookies will appreciate the expanded training feature that offers helpful pointers. The 2003 edition is also one of the first titles to be released for the upcoming Xbox Live on-line service set to debut in November. (available)

SEGA SPORTS TENNIS (PlayStation 2)



Welcome to the ultimate game of Pong. Up to four people can participate simultaneously in this latest edition of Sega's highly touted Tennis franchise. There are 16 top-ranked male and female pros available for singles, doubles and mixed doubles matches. The blend of arcade-style play and sports simulation shortens the learning curve, allowing players to quickly get into the action. While the graphics and sound are only slightly improved over the excellent Dreamcast version, Sega Sports Tennis serves up an ace. (available)

SUPER MONKEY BALL 2 (GameCube)



The objective of SMB2 is simple: roll your monkey (one of four cute simians trapped in a translucent sphere) through mazes, around obstacles and across the goal line to foil the plans of an evil baboon. Easy? Think again. Fun? Definitely, especially when taking advantage of the "party games" for multi-player competition. (available in September)

LEGO SOCCER MANIA (PlayStation 2, Game Boy Advance, PC)

In this colourful take on soccer, players build teams by using characters taken from the Lego line of toys and compete on a variety of Legoland "fields"—including castles, pirate ships, mummy tombs and the Wild West. The PS2 version is easy to master, which will appeal to younger players. (available) DEREK CHEZZI

PHOTOGRAPH BY MACKENZIE STROH (TOP); COURTESY OF CBC

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ROGERS



TV | Celebrating 50 years of CBC television

In 1952, the Canadian government launched the CBC television network, beginning with the Sept. 6 opening of the Montreal station, which aired an English-language children's film called *Aladdin and His Lamp*. Two days later, the Toronto station went on air with a breaking news story about bank robber **Edwin Alonzo Boyd** escaping from the city's Don Jail. Fifty years later, CBC TV is celebrating its anniversary with 26 hours of specially created programming—from comedy (*The Joke's On Us: 50 Years of CBC Satire*, Sept. 6) and history of the CBC (*Dominion of the Air*, Sept. 15) to the scoop on CBC news gathering (*Inside Information*, premiering Sept. 17) and personalities (*Life & Times*, Sept. 6 to Oct. 6). Here is a look at past CBC favourites:

1. *The Friendly Giant* (1958 to 1984) Bob Homme presided, with the help of Rod Coneybeare doing the voices of Rusty and Jerome.

2. *The Juliette Show* (1956 to 1966) "Our Pet" **Juliette Sysak** was the network's first singing sensation.

3. *Front Page Challenge* (1957 to 1995) In 1963, panelists **Gordon Sinclair, Betty Kennedy, Allan Manings** and **Pierre Berton** tried to determine the identity of mystery guest **Gordie Howe**.

4. *The Beachcombers* (1972 to 1991) **Bruno Gerussi** starred as Nick Adonidas.

5. *The Wayne and Shuster Hour* (1957 to 1964). In this famous moment, **Johnny Wayne** and **Frank Shuster** performed their "Burning of Rome" comedy sketch.

6. *Anne of Green Gables* (1985). **Megan Follows** starred as Anne and **Colleen Dewhurst** as Marilla.

7. *Street Legal* (1986 to 1994). **Cynthia Dale, Eric Peterson, C. David Johnson** and **Sonja Smits** courted drama.

8. *Reach For The Top* (1965 to 1985). **Alex Trebek** hosted this quiz show for Canadian high school students.

9. **Barbara Frum** was first a host of *As It Happens* on CBC Radio, then moved to CBC TV's *The Journal*.

10. **Knowlton Nash** anchored *The National* from 1978 to 1988.

COURTESY OF CBC

Books | Arsenic and old scandals in the outback

Australian Gail Bell is a pharmacist and the granddaughter of a suspected, though never charged, poisoner. It's a combination that brings an eerie confluence to *The Poison Principle* (Fenn). Bell begins with her mysterious introduction to her family scandal—when she was 10 her father received a medicine chest filled with tiny bottles, the property of his long-deceased father. Bell's dad, a builder, took the chest to work and buried it under the foundation of a house. Later she figured out why her grandfather, William Macbeth, a rural doctor, had been suspected in 1927 of murdering two of his children. In the process of seeking the truth about Macbeth, Bell embarks on a fascinating exploration of something that's always been a part of human life. She discusses famous poisoning victims, historical (Cleopatra) and fictional (Emma Bovary), and famous poisons. Arsenic, for one, has had a remarkable array of uses: a remedy for leprosy and syphilis, a complexion whitener for 19th century ladies, and a virility booster for Austrian horse tamers.



BESTSELLERS

Fiction

		POSITION LAST WEEK
1.	**RED RABBIT,** Tom Clancy (3)	1
2.	**UNLESS,** Carol Shields (20)	2
3.	**GRAVE SECRETS,** Kathy Reichs (6)	4
4.	**THE LOVELY BONES,** Alice Sebold (5)	8
5.	**THE SALMON OF DOUBT,** Douglas Adams (9)	5
6.	**YOUTH,** J.M. Coetzee (4)	7
7.	**FAMILY MATTERS,** Rohinton Mistry (21)	5
8.	**THE NANNY DIARIES,** Emma McLaughlin and Nicola Kraus (13)	9
9.	**THE SHELTERS OF STONE,** Jean M. Auel (18)	10
10.	**CROW LAKE,** Mary Lawson (24)	3

Nonfiction

1.	**THE FALL OF BERLIN 1945,** Antony Beevor (15)	1
2.	**STUPID WHITE MEN,** Michael Moore (25)	2
3.	**FARLEY,** James King (4)	10
4.	**MERCATOR,** Nicholas Crane (2)	5
5.	**KOBA THE DREAD,** Martin Amis (6)	3
6.	**WHAT WENT WRONG?,** Bernard Lewis (29)	4
7.	**SHAKESPEARE'S FACE,** Stephanie Nolen (7)	6
8.	**SIX DAYS OF WAR,** Michael Oren (3)	8
9.	**SELF MATTERS,** Philip McGraw (27)	7
10.	**WHY I AM A CATHOLIC,** Garry Wills (4)	9

() Weeks on list
Compiled by Brian Bethune

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A GOOD GAME GONE BAD

Baseball would be just fine if it weren't for players, owners, steroids and TV

BASEBALL'S A WONDERFUL game, but it's stuck in one heckuva slump. It ought to be soaring on Barry Bonds's record home-run tear, but fans are turned off because the guy's charmless and we wonder where all his muscles came from. The New York Yankees are a rare dynasty in the free-agent era, but somehow the accomplishment is cheapened by George Steinbrenner's limitless bankroll. The big-hearted alternative is to cheer for the low-budget Montreal Expos, but that's a wasted effort since the league plans to disband the franchise. And now, just when pennant races are heating up, we're preoccupied by the stretch drive of collective bargaining. Without a new contract, the players will go on strike Aug. 30.

What are these guys thinking? Attendance is dropping, TV ratings suck and it looks like the game's down to its last outs. Yet players and management are risking the ninth work stoppage in 30 years, a real doozy that some hawkish owners claim could drag into the 2004 season. Empty ballparks for more than a year? It's the tactical equivalent of sticking your face in front of a Randy Johnson fastball. Players will lose jobs, fans will lose the pennant races and the game will lose fans. But the negotiators are still playing chicken, hoping the other side'll blink.

The players are understandably reluctant to amend the hare-brained system that enabled them to earn an annual average salary of US$2.4 million for throwing and hitting and running around the diamond. The owners, who agreed to the contract terms that enabled those salaries, now want concessions like revenue sharing and luxury taxes on the highest payrolls. League income, about $3.5 billion in 2001, is so unevenly distributed that only a handful of rich teams can afford the nine-figure payrolls required to seriously compete for World Series titles. Supporters in two dozen also-ran cities can dream, but realistically, they have no shot. No wonder they're tuning out.

There are no good guys in this fight. The players demand far more than their skills and drawing power deserve, and the dopey owners give it to them. Tom Hicks, billionaire boss of the Texas Rangers, set the record for fiscal dim-wittedness in baseball—quite an achievement given the competition—when in 2000 he signed shortstop Alex Rodriguez to a 10-year, $252 million contract. That's a ton of take-home pay for Enron executives, let alone ballplayers, yet with A-Rod in the lineup, the Rangers finished last in their division in 2001 and are last again this season. And at the ballpark that George W. Bush got taxpayers to build when he was managing partner of the Rangers, attendance is down about 16 per cent this year. Which recalls a variant of the old joke: Question: how do you make a small fortune? Answer: start a baseball team with a large fortune.

Sounds dire, and it is. The last strike devastated some franchises, especially Toronto, where it arrested the Blue Jays' enormous momentum from two straight World Series triumphs, and cut deeply into what had been massive fan support at SkyDome. The lesson is to never let people disconnect from your sport, because they'll surely find something else to do.



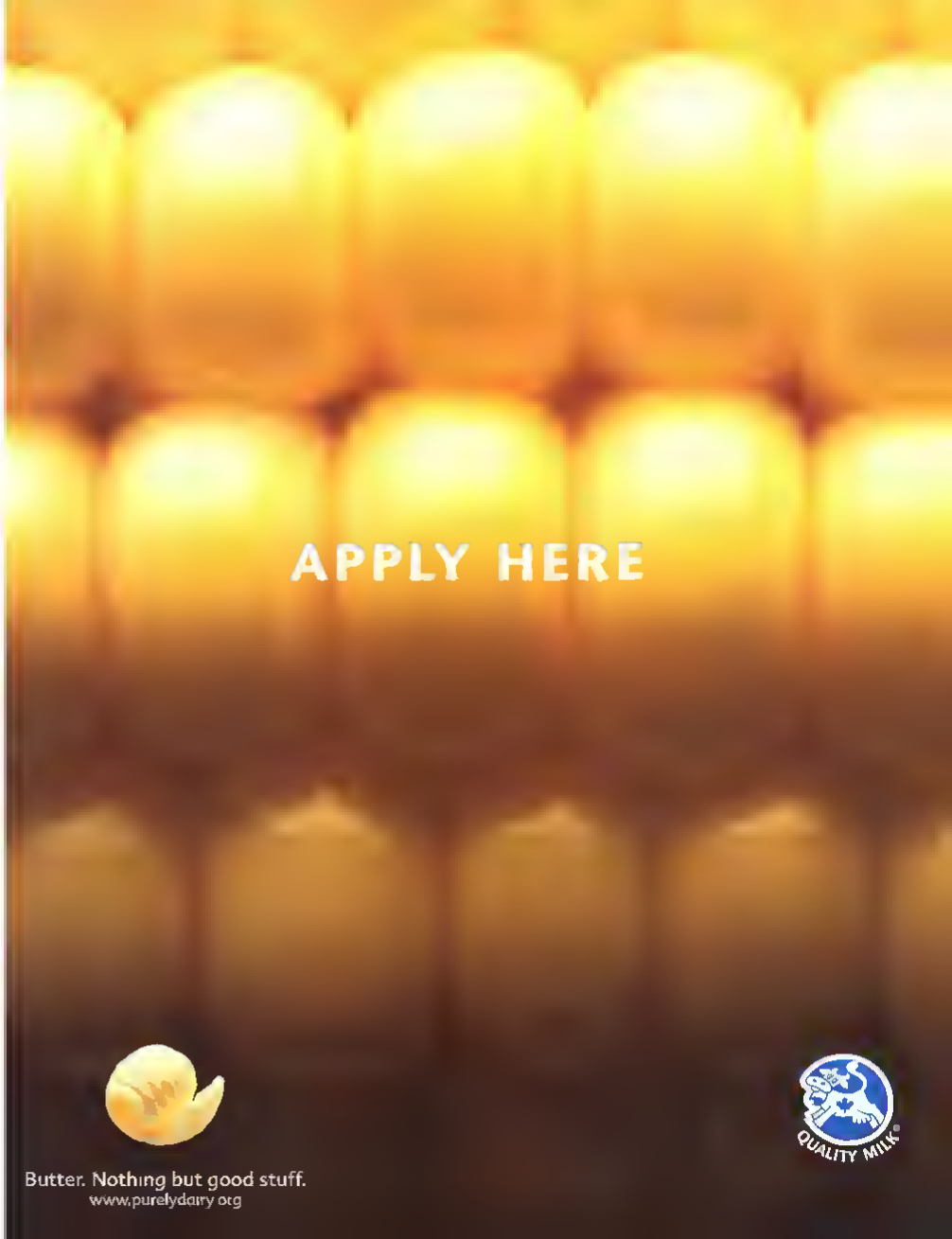
But the union and league don't seem to get that, any more than they get the problems plaguing their product on the field. They have to crack down on steroids because hints of abuse undermine every new batting record. And could someone please slap modern hitters around for slowing the game to a crawl? During at-bats, they spend so much time adjusting their equipment and digging into their stances that you could call out for pizza—and have it delivered—between pitches. Do they think we like to watch them refasten their batting gloves and adjust their jocks? If golf can have penalties for slow play, so can baseball.

Long-term, though, the sport's biggest worry is irrelevance. There's a sense that its time has passed and that no matter what happens, baseball will lose much of its audience and become a second-tier professional sport. The game rose to its remarkable prominence in the early radio days. Fans didn't watch the game, they had it described to them by announcers who, thanks to the meandering pace of play, had time to set up each pitch. In that way, the sport and the medium were a perfect fit, and a game on the radio is still a wonderful companion when you're in the car or reading at night.

Kids, though, don't listen to games on radio. They watch TV, and play electronic versions of various sports on computers and video gaming platforms. And increasingly, they prefer basketball, hockey and football as spectator sports because those games have more energy and pace and are better suited to the tube. Advocates are quick to remind that millions of kids still play baseball and softball in North America, and that's true. But soccer has huge participation rates, and that doesn't seem to do anything for its North American TV ratings and attendance. Baseball will always be a great game, but it seems destined to be less important to each new generation. And another strike may only be speeding up the inevitable. M

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